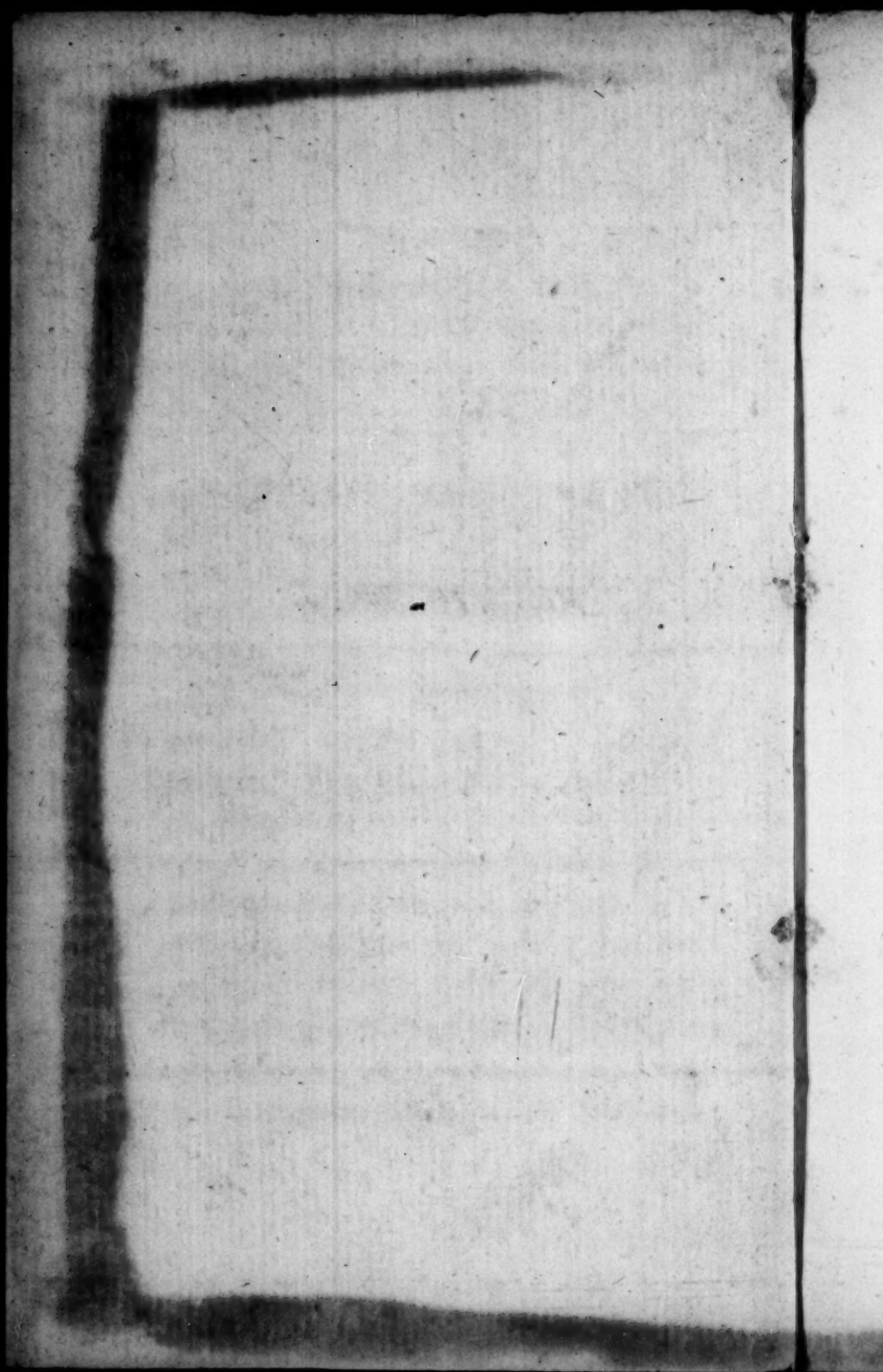


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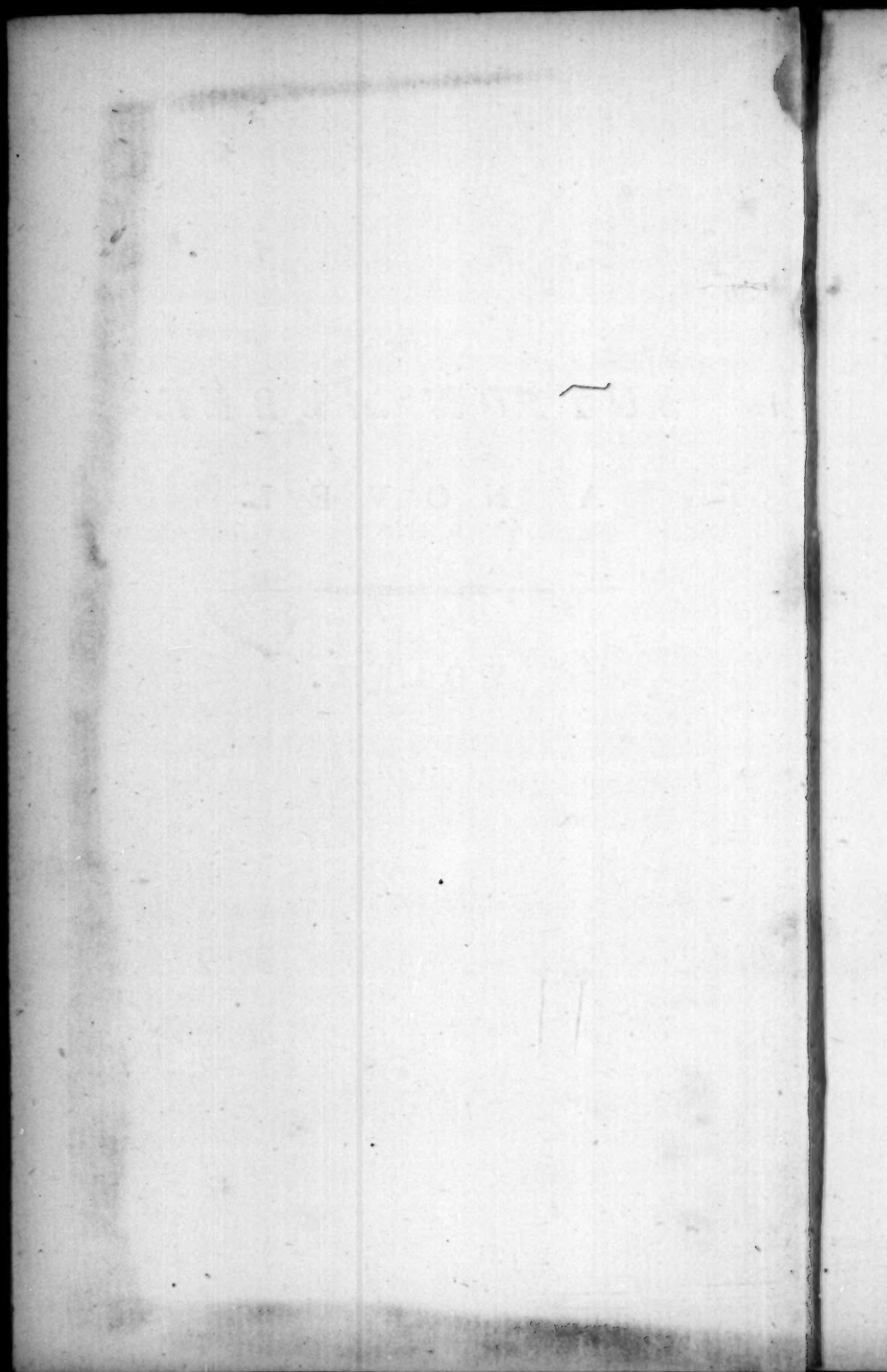
July 1836.



SUTTON-ABBEY.

A N O V E L.

VOL. II.



SUTTON-ABBEY.

A N O V E L.

I N A

SERIES of LETTERS,

FOUNDED ON

F A C T S.

VOLUME the SECOND.

Let Grief submit to Pow'r all good and wise,
And yield the spotless Victim to the Skies.

CARTER.

L O N D O N.

Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART,
under the *Royal Exchange*.

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SUTTON-ABBEY, &c.

Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

ONCE more Maria blefs me with your prefence, and teach me to be free and difengaged as thee. Your kind, your very friendly vifit, deferves a thoufand thanks, why was it not longer, your myfterious friend had, then revealed each fecret of her foul:-- Thefe were your words at parting—Write foon, and my dear Lady Myftery, for your own fake, be not fo fecret; muft we have deliriums to difcover you. Your look, Maria, pierced the inmoft recef-

VOL. II.

B

fes

ses of my heart, and saw Lord Offory there — but not even your penetrating eyes could discover the struggles of that heart, to banish his idea: — esteem rose from his character — thus prejudiced, his acquaintance begot friendship, — some parts of his conduct, at which I was present, introduced the softer passion; and while my idea of perfection is Lord Offory, I should think it criminal to become the wife of another; — modesty, and the natural pride of my sex, forbid my avowing a preference, where none was professed for me. — My kind parent allowed of objections to many proposals, with a partiality, that only the blindness of affection could not see through — till Belmont sigh'd, — her wishes then were warm, — I refer you to my last, — the struggle between duty and love — aimed at my life — my weakened senses then confessed a passion, and I am

NOW

now recovering from the bed of death, to avow that Lord Offory is the only man, for whom my heart e'er learnt to breathe a wish. Yet, Maria, do not despise me—do not imagine 'tis his matchless form, his personal beauties, that have caught me—no, my friend, the heart of your Fanny is not the conquest of a lovely face—beauty is his least perfection.——To a heart governed by a generosity unbounded, he adds a mind accomplished, elegant and tender. My first acquaintance, I have said, begot friendship—it was more, Maria, it was gratitude.—We were on a visit at Lord Wilton's in the North.—My grandmama's partiality to my figure on horseback makes her ever promoting parties, for me to use that exercise; and a day, soon after our arrival, was devoted to visit (some one of the many places, in that part of the world, so well worth seeing) on horseback; the party was large—

Lord Wilton and Mr. Neville were my particular attendants. After ascending a beautiful hill, our attention was engaged on a prospect the most charming, and wholly withdrawn from our horses; mine was a fiery creature; Lord Wilton's started—mine, sensible of its rider's inattention, broke from the party, and ran, for a considerable time, over an extent of country to which I was wholly a stranger—the gentlemen imprudently followed me—at length he made towards a frightful precipice—I had lost all command of him, and was about to throw myself off, when a gentleman, at the hazard of his own life, crossed immediately before me, and stopped my horse; fatigued and terrified, I could only thank my preserver in the commonest terms. He saw my terror—he begged me to dismount; which I had no sooner done, than I fainted; and he has since told me, I remained

remained in successive faintings, till some of the party I had set out with joined us; — the attention of all, at length, recovered me. But how to get me home was still a difficulty; to remain there till a carriage could be sent for, was absolutely judged improper — I was too much overheated to be safely exposed to the air, without exercise; when I was tolerably recovered, therefore, I mounted again, but was unable to manage my horse. Lord Ossory insisted on leading it — his gallantry pleased me. Maria, there are certain seasons when the human mind is pleased with those trifles, that at other times you would think yourself weak to allow. — Our return was much sooner than was expected. — Lady Arwell was alarmed; Lord Ossory was presented to her as the preserver of her child, and her gratitude knew no bounds. — She was herself the encourager of that

generous passion in your too tender friend, and if it caused a still warmer—say, Maria, am I wholly to blame.—He became our constant visitor, while we remained in the North. Lord Wilton complimented me on the acquisition of so good a neighbour—said, that till I came they were but common acquaintance; that Lord Offory's character in the county was that of a reserved man, and he lived as such: he appeared not reserved to us; but there was an air of tender melancholy ever accompanied him; even in his gayest hours he lost it not wholly. The ladies envied me the joy of being capable of inspiring so amiable a man with the belle passion; as every one was declaring sentiments of his, in respect to me, which he never avowed, and which from him alone could not be disagreeable.

I left

I left Lord Wilton's with more reluctance than I had ever yet known; but I knew not the reason — alas, I knew not my own heart! I suspected not that Lord Offory was the cause, till I began to find myself impatient for the time which he generally devotes to his seat near the Abbey. He had promised to be often with us — was to accompany me in my rides, in my music, and a thousand little agreeable parties had imagination formed, which was to constitute the felicity of both.

Imagination is a cheat — she heightens all pleasure beyond possibility of being realized, and paints woes in too gloomy a shade.

Maria, you now know the weakness of your friend. You have seen my health attacked by the folly of indulging

sentiments too tender to be harbour'd,
with safety, in a female breast; and
you shall now see my reason triumph
over passion.

I will finish this long letter with a
speech of St. Augustine's, on Petrarch's
confession of his love for Laura. "She
" ought to have known, and impres-
" sed this truth upon you; that, of
" all the passions to which human na-
" ture is subject, love is the most to
" be feared; it makes us forget our-
" selves, and leads us to forget our
" God; every thing serves to nourish
" and encrease it; and those wretched
" mortals, whom it holds in bondage,
" carry a fire within them, which will
" finally consume both soul and body.
" — It is unnecessary to say more;
" those who have experienced this pas-
" sion will feel I speak truth; those
" who have never known it will give
" no

"no credit—but you are not one of those."

It is too true that I am not; I feel the truth of his assertion, and time will, I hope, make me not unworthy the esteem Maria bestows on her

FRANCES SUTTON:

we have no fight at all.

Lady B 5

has done every thing but procure an interview with me—and I have relished

Lady HERVEY to Lady HENRIETTA
NEVILLE.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

HOW true is the maxim of Roch-
foucault, that — “ Dans l’adver-
“ sité de nos meilleurs amis nous trou-
“ vons toujours quelque chose qui ne
“ nous déplait pas.” — I could hardly
have supposed, that the loss of a friend,
to my Henrietta, could have been the
means of giving me pleasure — but we
are a short-sighted set of mortals, and
beyond what is staring us in the face
we have no sight at all.

Three weeks have elapsed since I con-
cluded my last; weeks of persecution
I may call them. — Lord Ossory has
seen me — has discover’d my retreat —
has done every thing but procure an
interview with me — and I have resolved
to

to quit this delightful place, and return once more to my foreign home. — How will my regret, at parting with these amiable friends, be lessened in my Henrietta's company ; — nothing could be more desirable, though it was a request I should never have made. — The death of Mr. Neville's father obliges you to repair to the south of France, where he died. — Obliges you! — My Henrietta, I honour the dutiful obligation — to accompany your husband, and to sooth the distresses of his widowed mother; you who can't make affliction half forget its woes — Oh, be you ever blest. This day week, you tell me, you shall be at Dover; I will meet you there — my brother will accompany me. I wish I had parted with those amiable friends. — The grief they express, on my having named it as my intention, is too flattering. It has ever been my fate to form endearing attach-

ments, and, when felicity promised its approach, to be torn from them; only my Henrietta has stood faithful to my woes; no other friend of my infancy remains. — Death hath laid his slaughtering hand around me — his storms have blasted all but thee and Lord Stanton, and methinks I stand like one preserved from shipwreck, on a desert coast, and wait for future horrors. The tear that stands in the mild eye of beauty, when I talk of departing, seems the tear of sympathy, for something yet to come. — Lady Arwell bids me not despond, and talks of joy, as if I still might know it — soon will she find it must be ever banished from my heart. — I have promised her the history of your unfortunate

LOUISA HERVEY.

TUES-

TUESDAY.

I MUST write on, though we shall meet so soon. To give you an account of all that passes here is become so habitual to me, that I cannot resign my pen.

I have wrote the last letter Lord Offory will ever receive from me; and I look forward to the hour that will tell him I am at peace. His affliction will be at first tumultuous — would to heaven he would apply to Lady Frances for consolation! she might reward him. Her health establishes not itself as we could wish. I see the painful struggles of her heart. Why are we formed with affections that wound our sensibility? the very best of them disturb our peace, and prevent our bliss. Even the dutiful affection of Lady Frances often raises a sigh of apprehension.

Lady

Lady Arwell's years foretell the highest misery, and few like her can forego with willingness their own happiness, to encrease that of the object beloved, if it is to separate them from it. Selfish mortals! I am sick of contemplating them. In the wide round of nature there are so few who have reached any degree of perfection, and I myself am one of the least, that when I contemplate the virtues of Lady Arwell, and the friendship of Henrietta, the world has little else in it to engage me. Lord Ossory I have bid an eternal adieu. I think I could now even see him without emotion. His perseverance is a fault in his character; for the cause was not a just one. He knew not that I loved him; he could not, therefore, think himself necessary to my happiness, and his entreaties were selfish. He will now know that when it was criminal to esteem him I did—

SUTTON-ABBEY. 15

did—I have avowed it—the pages he will receive from me are those of truth; I have not told a feeling that I have not felt, or spoke a sentiment I have not known; for I have ever been the willing votary of truth; and those who dress up falsehood in her brightest charms will ere long find—disguise will nought avail.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Sure parting is a woe assign'd
To every tender virtuous mind,
To draw us from this life :
It takes from many a joy we've known,
Nips in the bud those yet unblown,
And ends all human strife.

IT is over, each was in character—
Oh, Henrietta! I cannot describe it—
we looked more than we could express
—words

—words are weak, when feelings are exquisite. I have reached the first stage of my journey towards thee—I have a brother—he is with me. The happiness of his friend is dearer to him than his sister's notions of honour, and he deems me insensible. Alas, it is from the keenest sensations that I subscribe myself

The unhappy

LOUISA HERVEY.

Lord

LORD OSSORY to Colonel STANHOPE.

TELL me no longer of the constancy of woman — Stanhope, it is over — my fate is fixed. I am doomed for ever to mourn unrequited love. — Yes — Lady Hervey no longer remembers her faithful Ossory — or if she does 'tis with abhorrence worse than forgetfulness. — Just as I had flattered myself with the hopes of seeing her — of revealing a passion she knows I have from the first moment I saw her felt for her — just at that expecting auspicious time to blast my often damped hopes for ever — was too much to be borne: — By heavens she loves me not, nor ever could. — I have seen her, Stanhope — I have seen her lovely form — her angel sweetness — her stubborn unrelenting virtue. — But how madly I write! I should say I have seen only
the

the resemblance of what was once Lady Louisa Stanton — never will I give her, in my moments of recollection, the name of an unworthy man, whose memory will ever pain her — and whose being has made mine but a mere existence. This resemblance was on horseback, with Lady Frances Sutton, the Diana of the age. I was taking my morning's solitary ride, and at some distance beheld these lovely figures. I knew them not till we met — when we did, what was my surprize, to see the being on whom my soul doats immediately hasten on, and leave Lady Frances to return me those compliments that were meant for her. — Could any thing be more mortifying? Yes, Stanhope — her altered countenance, the visible decline that lurked in the lessened lustre of her eye, hurt me still more; but I had recollection enough left — seeing she wished me not

not to know her—to take no notice of her. You will applaud me for my presence of mind when I tell you, that till this meeting I knew not that she was in England. I have wrote to her since—when I began this I had just read her answer,—lovers, you say, talk all one language—my letter, therefore, will not amuse you, but I transcribe the answer—the original I will never part with. — Oh, Stanhope! teach me some happy art of speech to combat all the reason of an angel, and win her to my honourable purpose. I cannot be happy without her—life is not life—nothing delights, nothing amuses me—she possesses all my soul—I admire her if possible more and more; what a delicate sensibility! what a strict, what a pious notion of honour, of delicacy, of respect, of all that's charming! but you shall judge her by her own words.

Lady

Lady HERVEY to Lord OSSORY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

TAKE back your reproaches, my Lord — call me not cruel and unjust — they are epithets that I deserve not, — summons your reason, dispel those mists of passion that now envelope it, and justify my conduct by your own heart. I am neither insensible nor capricious — I always esteemed you — my heart, a stranger to disguise, ever avowed it. Esteem, you tell me, is too cold, too unfeeling a sentiment, — it is a sentiment honour and reason may approve — a warmer one would be transgressing the rules of rectitude, — if my heart had felt such a one, and the weak nature of my sex had impelled me to yield to its emotions, from that moment I should have become beneath your regard, and at once

an

an object both of pity and contempt. Consider the complicated misery of my situation — let your humanity plead for me — obey its dictates — and never, Lord Ossory, never, I beseech you, name a wish to me that must lessen you in my esteem. As a friend I could wish ever to regard you; but, while your wishes aspire to a more tender name, there is an insuperable obstacle to my ever admitting you to my thoughts; reflect but a moment, unprejudiced by passion, and you will see the necessity of complying with my request. Could I, my Lord, be so wanting in respect to Lord Hervey—could I so entirely give up all the delicacy of my sex—as your incoherent pen desires—Lord Ossory would be degraded by the very connection which, if properly made, might do him honour. Look round the world—there are many women much more deserving
than

than her whom you prefer. You have merit that would make the most deserving one of the happiest ever yet connected with your sex. I wish you happy, my Lord — the domestic life is the truest source of bliss — if we fail there we are not to expect any substantial joy, all else is a shadow. Find some accomplished worthy maid, and may her virtues so sweeten all the toil of human life, that you may never know a pain.

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me. Your solicitations once more oblige me to leave England. Yet ere I go you shall know every intention of my mind. I am the widow of Lord Hervey, and ever will remain so. I have been imprudent, if not criminal, — I have loved, but it was not my Lord, it was even you, Lord Ossory, and I dare avow it; but from

that declaration not a hope is to be raised: for it is the settled purpose of my soul never to see, to speak, or even write to thee more. My declaration and determination is the effect of mature deliberation, and nothing can revoke either. My life, to all present appearance, will not be a long one, and I have much to do before it is finished. Molest me not—let me depart quietly—I hope the next sun will rise on me in another clime.—May suns unnumbered shed their brightest influence on you; and may all your days to come be bright as that luminary, and like it dispense the all-cheering rays of bliss wherever you go,—prays

LOUISA HERVEY.

Lady

Lady HERVEY to Lady ARWELL.

DOVER.

I HAVE left every delight England can give me—I have fled from Sutton-Abbey—from the best of women, and the tenderest of friends; from the lovely and beloved Lady Frances Sutton; from every joy, and why?—Ah, Lady Arwell, that why distracts me!—“I have a tale t’ unfold will harrow up my soul,”—and yet it must be;—I have promised the amiable Fanny a short history of my past life—a life replete with misery.—Pity me, pardon, my worthy friends, her who by your means has known more sweet peace of mind, in a six month’s residence with you, than in the last ten years of her life. How, where, shall I begin? Can I look back on the blameless, happy state of infancy,

fancy, without regretting that in that state my life had ended? for then all was bright and clear, all was innocence and joy: "So fair a morn pre-
 "faged a cloudless day"—but how soon was the prospect darkened! alas, how soon was the brightness gone! Heaven had bestowed on me the best of mothers, a resemblance of Lady Arwell, my dear Lady Frances, with all the maternal tenderness, watched with unwearied attention over my infant years, and formed my dawning reason to every noble, every just sentiment, that virtue could inspire. At twelve years old I lost the best of fathers, a loss beyond repair, the cause of all my future misery. Lord Stanton was but three years older than me; he was at Eton, and on the point of removing to the university. My mother was absorbed in grief; she wished to pass the rest of her life in retirement, and,

but for her Louisa, she would. She immediately left England, and for three years confined herself in Italy — I her only amusement, my improvements her only joy, — the fourth we partook of the diversions of the place, and joined in company. It was necessary, she said, to introduce me earlier into life than she intended, as I had now only her life to depend on, and her health declined daily. We left Italy, after a residence of four years, arrived in England in the autumn — the winter following I was introduced at court, and made one in the gay world. I was a new object, young, gay, and lively — how could I be otherwise? a fond parent, ever smiling approbation on me, encreased a natural flow of good spirits — health and vivacity sparkled in my face — I was called handsome; in short, it was the fashion to admire me. The first time of my appearance Lord
Her-

Hervey made me his choice, and immediately applied to Lady Stanton. His fortune, his rank and family, had great weight with her, and engaged all her interest. She was impatient to see me settled. I had ever known an implicit obedience to her slightest wish—she now made my union with Lord Hervey her earnest desire—my heart knew no other engagement, nor was it engaged to him. Lady Stanton had heard a great character of him, and I am convinced, if she had not believed her Louisa would have been very happy with him, she would sooner have endured the painful thoughts of leaving me unprotected, than have wished me settled to one I could not love.

The day I was seventeen my hand was given to Lord Hervey. The first three years of my marriage was passed chiefly in the company of my beloved

parent, and the relations of my Lord. I never felt myself happy in his presence, but then when I was with Lady Stanton I was perfectly so. My youthful fancy had pictured a pleasing scene of domestic bliss that I never found, and for that reason I knew none. Had my Lord studied in the least my disposition I might have been the happiest of women—it was naturally tender, generous, open and unsuspecting—but he treated me as a child, and seemed to regard me only as a fine picture. His greatest pride was in having me admired.

I had been married four years, and there were no hopes of an heir—this was his earnest desire. To a heart naturally unsusceptible of tenderness disappointments are less bearable, as wishes are less frequently formed. He treated me with an indifference that chilled
my

my very soul—I seemed no more necessary to his happiness than a fine statue of Venus that stood in the hall—we had both our share of his admiration, and were both equally preserved from any thing that might injure our beauty—Lord Hervey would shew us both to his friends as curiosities, and once, upon seeing me in a very pensive attitude, he swore he wished I was what I seemed, for then I might be good for something. Excuse me—forgetfulness should ere now have cancelled to oblivion every cause of pain; but memory is too faithful to its trust, whenever woes arise, and bliss is much sooner forgot than its reverse. What an unthankful mind! Lady Arwell disdains praise; but the unworthy Hervey feels her superior worth, and example will have in time its own good effect. But to look back again; as I said above, we had been now married

four years; it was early in the spring, and Lord Hervey proposed going to reside till the winter at Hervey-castle, which was his principal seat, but, being a great way from London, I had not yet been there. Lady Stanton's health was in a very bad state; I quitted her with a reluctance not to be expressed. Sure I had a presentiment then of all that followed; for I left London in a perfect melancholy—not that I ever enjoyed its amusements—my only felicity had been in the company of my mother. She received no invitation to the castle from my Lord, nor was I offered any companion—alone I ever was with Lord Hervey—indeed we never, I believe, found that one was company to the other. Alone we arrived at the castle, amidst the acclamations of numerous tenants, in surrounding villages. To gratify his vanity, I was ordered to dress, and for
the

the first fortnight after our arrival the house was crouded with the neighbouring gentry; an elegant table was kept, and we for that time dined every day in public. I was idolized, and Lord Hervey was gratified. The returning of the visits engaged us for a month; after which I had very little more of his company. He was ever engaged in country sports—when he returned it was late, and he was often in a condition that too nearly levels the man with the brute; in those hours I cannot repeat what I have suffered. Suffice it to say, I have then been treated with indignity, often with inhumanity. My spirits were not at their highest pitch; they could not support such treatment, and my health was the sacrifice. I felt it decline; but, till my countenance betrayed the very weak state in which I was, Lord Hervey's inattention heeded it not. When he

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did observe it, his only tenderness was leave to ask Lady Stanton to the castle. It had long been the wish of my heart, — I immediately entreated, and she came, but came to see her beloved Louisa the cruel neglect of a man whom she believed to have adored her. Shocked as she was to see the alteration in my person and health, she exerted every power to reconcile me to my melancholy state. My joy at seeing Lady Stanton overcame me so much that it caused a fever, which soon brought on a delirium, and I was given over for some days ; at length I began to recover. I hoped when I saw again Lord Hervey I should see him rejoiced on my recovery, and I determined to renew, with hopes of better success, all my endeavours to gain his love ; but our first meeting was on his part cold and indifferent. And I had some
time

time after the mortification to be told, by one of those many evil people in the world who love to tell all they know, that Lord Hervey had promised if I died Herbert should succeed me. Herbert was a young woman of good family, in reduced circumstances, whom I had taken, from motives of compassion, to attend more immediately about my own person than my woman, and whom occasionally I made my companion. The ill-natured world say that Lord Hervey had a son by her, whom he naturally wished to own. She left me unhandsomely as soon as I recovered from the fever. Upon hearing what I have mentioned I caused enquiry to be made concerning her, and had intended to have kept the child; but I learned that he was dead, and she was going abroad, as companion to a lady, who patronized her family.

Lady Stanton staid with me three months; when she left me I was in a situation that promised an increase to our family, and she flattered herself with every good effect from it. Lord Hervey seemed not at first so happy on the occasion as I expected, but afterwards he was more so. I imagine his joy increased on the knowledge of the death of the other child. About a fortnight after my mother left me Lord Stanton returned from his travels; immediately on his arrival he was informed that his mother was at Hervey-castle, and he proceeded directly for that place; with him came (as my dear Lady Arwell herself says) the most accomplished man in the world. Need I say Lord Ossory was the companion of my brother? Here, my amiable friend, I wish my history had ended; for till now I think my conduct has been blameless. For, till the
fa-

fatal moment in which I saw Lord Offory, I was a stranger to love. Alas, I found myself no longer so! Conscious of his power, of my weakness, of the difference between him and my Lord, a comparison I knew it was criminal to make, I found myself more miserable than I imagined it possible to be. I may without vanity say, that Lord Offory was not less indifferent to me. But, to give you a better idea of my power over him, I transcribe part of a letter from Lady Stanton.

‘My Louisa tell me, and tell me truly, that you love your Lord; it may, I own, in some measure depend upon him, but it is a part of your duty, and you can want no other motive. That he is not entirely the man we could wish I most sincerely lament; but this world is a state of probation.’

Act well your part; there is no merit where there is no difficulty. From your present condition I have great hopes of Lord Hervey's being inspired with tenderness. Above all things avoid every thing in your behaviour that can give him the slightest reason to suppose any other man is more agreeable to you. Such tempers as his will soon kindle into jealousy; should he know that baleful passion, the consequences may be fatal, must be terrifying. I am told that your brother's friend is the most amiable man in the world; remember my Louisa is the wife of Lord Hervey. "The wife of Cæsar," says the Roman, "should not be even suspected." The best of men are not always uniform — though I know him not but by report, which is lavish in his praise. — I wish he had left the castle. — Your brother writes thus of him. "Poor Offory is captivated with your Louisa;

“ Louisa; and, to say the truth, nothing
“ could equal the beauty of her appear-
“ ance, on our first arrival; joy, at the
“ sight of a brother whom she honours
“ with her affection, had animated her
“ fine features, and she looked divine.
“ Nor is she, I believe, insensible to
“ the merits of my friend.”

I have educated you—your every
sentiment is truth and rectitude; but
you have a difficult lesson to learn.
You are above dissimulation; you can
disguise no emotion of your mind; and
your heart should know no wish that
it dares not avow.’

I need transcribe no more, the rest
of the letter concerns not the present
history. On the receiving it I exam-
ined my heart, and there I found
Lord Offory was sole possessor. His
behaviour to me was respectful and ten-
der;

der; it was what I was not used to from my Lord; and I felt myself still more engaged. — Dissatisfied with myself, fearful of suspicion, I became capricious and uneasy. I avoided all opportunities of being alone with Lord Osford, and seemed easier when he and my brother left us. Lord Hervey promised the latter, to bring me to London, after Christmas; till that time I lived as we used, when alone; he engaged in country sports, I amusing myself with painting, music, and reading, of all which I was fond.

Two days before we were to leave the Castle, an express arrived, with an account of my mother being dangerously ill, and that she much wished to see me, before she died. Lord Hervey was not at home when the messenger arrived; I gave immediate orders for every thing to be in readiness for me
to.

to set out as soon as he returned; when he did it was almost dark, and he insisted on my giving up all thoughts of going that night. Nothing could equal my disappointment—the night was passed in a state of frenzy.—In the morning, I said, I would not be detained:—Lord Hervey, with the utmost brutality, insisted on my staying that day; as he had an engagement he would not put off.—What a day!—years before, and since, have not appeared so long. The next we set off for London.—My grief and impatience disordered me much—Lord Hervey was alternately alarmed and angry; sometimes he would threaten me, sometimes soothe—I was insensible to every thing; my mother wholly possessed my mind. Notwithstanding all my intreaties and impatience, we were two days on our journey. As soon as we arrived at our house in Town, I ordered a chair
to.

to be got, my own not being at home, and went, though so much disordered I could hardly stand, immediately to Lady Stanton's. The servant that admitted me knew me not: with breathless impatience I flew to my mother's apartment: She had just breathed her last; and I entered in the first burst of woe! — Here description fails. — I was carried to another apartment, in violent fits. Physicians were sent for; but vain was all their art for a considerable time, — when my senses returned, my anguish seemed insupportable, and I again relapsed, — at length I was delivered, before my time, of a son; who died almost as soon as born. — I dreaded the effect this intelligence would have on Lord Herve; and I hoped to follow my beloved parent immediately to the grave; but I was reserved for still more frightful scenes; and it pleased the all-wise Disposer

poser once more to raise me from the bed of death.

I was taken home as soon as I could be safely moved. Lord Hervey cruelly reproached me with the death of his son.—I had lost all my soul held dear, and I abandoned myself to all the misery of my situation.—I had not a friend, in whose bosom I could repose my griefs; and every day encreased them: Lord Stanton loved me tenderly, and his temper was impetuous; from him, therefore, it was highly necessary to conceal every unkindness of my Lord. Early in the ensuing spring he again chose to repair to Hervey-Castle,—my brother and Lord Offory again became our visitors; they could no longer be ignorant of the ill treatment I received. Lord Hervey's passions were now uncontrollable; he gave way to all their unkindly impulses; and yet Lord Stanton

Stanton could only remonstrate, and his remonstrances had no effect. He proposed a separation to me — I started at the proposal, and begged he would never repeat it. I was resolved to give scandal and ill-nature no reason to condemn me. He would not then, he said, leave me till he could by some method or other see me happier. He and his friend devoted all their time to me; and both exerted every power to please me.

On the fourth of July, a day that always strikes horror through my heart, Lord Hervey told me he should go to Sir Edward Long's, to make a visit for a couple of days. He left me very early in the morning. At breakfast, my brother said he should take a ride to see an old acquaintance, that lived within ten miles of the castle; and Ossory would
read

read to me, or accompany me if I chose music.

The day was very warm, and we agreed to adjourn to a temple in the park, the ceiling of which was finely painted; and I was copying one of the figures in it; I ordered my materials for painting there; and Lord Offory was to read: The book was the life of Petrarch. — You have been surprized at my emotions, Lady Frances, when I have read your beautiful versification of the sonnets; but you will now know the melancholy reason. Lord Offory was reading the second sonnet—his voice faltered—his eyes were fixed on me; I was alarmed, and mine involuntarily turned on him,—he took my hand—I withdrew it not. There are moments when the mind has presentiments it cannot express, but which strikes upon the soul with a silent horror,

or,—such now possessed me.—Neither of us spoke—our eyes were still fixed,—the door of the temple opened, and Lord Hervey appeared with a pistol in his hand.—In a voice scarcely articulate by passion, Die perfidious woman, said he—I heard no more—I was carried senseless to the house; and, when recovered, I was told Lord Hervey was dead, and killed by Lord Offory.

You, my pitying friends, can better imagine, than I can express, the complicated misery of my situation; I shut myself up in my own apartment, and gave orders I would see none but Lord Stanton; and that he might be immediately sent for. My mind was in an agony of grief, not to be described.—Justice, or more properly revenge, required the life of Lord Offory; a man whom I loved more tenderly than any other. The friend of my brother was
the

the murderer of my husband — in seeking to avenge his death, I wounded my only relation and dearest friend, in the tenderest part; in letting him escape the laws of his country, I knew I was not doing justice to the deceased; and that I became the censure of all but the friends of Lord Offory.

While revolving these painful sensations in my mind, Lord Offory, who had not known my orders to be alone, entered; gracious God what a scene! ten thousand conflicting passions struggled in my heart; his was not less disordered. — You behold in me, says the unhappy man, the murderer of a man unworthy of you. Lady Hervey must pity me; must hear what passed after she lost her senses, and pardon me. You fainted, Madam, almost as soon as Lord Hervey entered the fatal temple. She shall die, said the half frantic man,
her

her crimes shall be punished by a sudden death. I attempted to vindicate a conduct, that none but him dare asperse; and I placed myself between him and you; I was unarmed; but I laid hold of his arm, and forced away the pistol; he produced another. Prepare then, Lord Offory, and thus I reward your mighty friendship. The ball grazed my shoulder; and I discharged my piece out of the window opposite. Villain, said he, I am not to be played with, charge again; but that worthless woman is the first object of just indignation; if you survive me, she shall no longer be your guilty companion. — He presented his piece to you, as you lay lifeless on the ground; no hopes of preserving you remained, but the chance of my firing at him first; those hopes succeeded but too well, he fell lifeless at my feet, and died in agonies. — Say but that you pity me, Lady Hervey, for

sure I deserve it. — I know not, my Lord, what I should say — leave me, my soul is distressed — I only know I am the most miserable of all created beings — I desire to be alone — I beseech you leave me. — He bowed — sighed — even shed tears — and withdrew.

Lord Stanton returned not till the day after this dreadful event. He insisted on his friend leaving England, till all was hushed up; he visited me with a petition from him, to allow an audience before he set off. — I would not hear of it — I ought never to see him more; I wished he had not prevented the last kind intention of Lord Hervey, for then I might have been at peace. My brother was his advocate; he vindicated his conduct; the fatal act was in defence of my life, and meritorious. But I was steady to my purpose,

pose, and he departed without seeing me.

Lord Hervey's funeral was celebrated with all that respect which was ever visible in my conduct towards him, and I insisted upon remaining at the castle for a month afterwards; Lord Stanton would no longer permit me, and we repaired to London. My jointure was considerable—I had nothing else—I was not named in the will,—I knew I could live more retired at my house in town than any where else, and I was resolved to devote the first six months of my widowhood to the strictest retirement; it was no sooner elapsed than Lord Ossory wrote to me: I was the wish of his heart, and he expected no happiness if I did not allow him to hope I would be the source of all. I was disappointed; I
be-

believed his mind sensible and delicate, his soul open to all the finer feelings of delicate sensibility; and the wish he named lessened him in my opinion. In whatever light I viewed him, still he was the murderer of my husband, and I could not bring myself to endure the thoughts of seeing him.

I was become the talk of the world; they even censured my conduct; Lord Ossory persecuted me; Lord Stanton was his advocate; my heart joined him; my reason forbade; my sensibility was wounded in every part. Dissatisfied with myself, displeased with every body, every scene renewed my misery, and I resolved to leave England for ever. Not my brother knew the part I had fixed on for my residence; his letters were addressed to a friend I had in France, who sent them to me,

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only Lady Henrietta Ormond, the dear friend and constant companion of my youth, knew where I was, and she favour'd me with a two month's visit; the indisposition of her father called her to England sooner than she intended. After some time I found myself resigned to the loss of her company, and sunk into that insensible kind of melancholy that is not wholly displeasing.

I had passed three years in Italy when I had the felicity to meet with the amiable friends who now know every weakness of the unfortunate Hervey. Sometimes I would flatter myself I am more unfortunate than criminal, but reason interposes; the blest shade of Lady Stanton rises to my view—I was the wife of Lord Hervey, and my heart should have known no other preference—

ference. Yet, Lady Arwell, do not despise me; and, as you wipe the sympathetic tear from the cheek of Lady Frances, I know you will pity her whom you have so often blest, and will, I trust, applaud me for having left a place so near the dwelling of a man all connection with whom the rigid dictates of justice bids never to allow.

Little more is wanting to complete the history of a life so well known to misfortune; yet shall I think I have not lived in vain; if my tale instructs the young, and warns the tender of engaging in the most sacred state, without knowing a preference at least.

My sufferings have destroyed my constitution; many months will not, to all present appearance, be added to

my life, and my wishes are circumscribed within a very narrow compass; they extend only to the friends I am with, and those I have left at Sutton-Abbey, and a speedy release for their

LOUISA HERVEY.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

BY the permission of Lady Hervey, my Maria has now read her history, and joins the tear of pity with her Fanny, in reviewing the dismal tale. How perfect, my Maria, ought we to be, to give calamity no cause to approach us! The very weaknesses of our nature should early be conquered, and then one very capital entrance to misfortune would be shut. She loved—one need say no more—to love is to be unhappy. I admire her more than ever; and though I feel a regret in having desired her history, the recollection of which must give her again the painful scenes that are past, yet it inspires me with a kind of melancholy, that one feels for a person suffering

great trials with magnanimity — it is not wholly without pleasure — is it not a feeling that takes its rise from pride? do we not imagine it an honour to our sex, when, like Lady Hervey, they persevere in virtue through scenes of trying affliction? and we feel not so sorry for their woes as we rejoice in the honour of their being our friends, and sustaining a noble part in griefs the most exquisite. What a sweet mournful stile runs through her whole life! Maria, when we parted, and she repeated her promise, there was something in her air, her look, the whole turn of her countenance, expressive of the tale she has told. How I long to see her again! but her example shall teach me to forget Lord Ossory. Presumptuous Fanny! and could she be weak enough to believe Lord Wilton's supposition? Could she think that the man who loved Lady Hervey could
re-

return the passion she felt for him? That Fanny has been a weak, credulous girl, she will correct her follies, and, when her heart is more worthy, Belmont may not sigh in vain. There is a species of felicity, unknown to many, from which the future happiness of your friend alone can spring—it is in relinquishing our own wishes to those of our friends, and constituting their happiness thereby; from their felicity, thus derived, our own hearts feel a joy exquisitely refined. Such may be mine, if I can bring my rebel heart to comply with the wishes of Lady Arwell.

I am interrupted, and, judging of your impatience by my own, will not detain this to add more than that I am, my Maria's sincere friend,

FRANCES SUTTON.

Lord OSSORY to Colonel STANHOPE.

DOVER.

MY ill fortune still pursues me. Here I arrived, in hopes once more to see the mistress of my destiny, and bid an eternal adieu; but the very elements seem to conspire against my wishes. The wind blew fair, and all that I held dear embarked for foreign lands, to fly from me—I can just behold the vessel proudly dancing on the waves, as if conscious of the worth it contains,—I will go to the cliff, and watch it till my eye is dim with looking,—it will never more behold the woman my heart adores; and even the humble vessel that contains her is dearer to my sight than worlds.

Returned again to my friend and my pen—the sky is clouded as my mind, and the mariner foretels a storm. Lord Stan-

Stanton is about to set off for London, apprehension detains him. What capricious creatures are human kind! We, who so lately wished the object of our love present to our sight, now wish she had landed safe at Calais! The storm rises, heaven preserve the sister of my friend!

Stanhope, the misery of your friend is now complete; the storm is past, and all its fury was devoted to the wretched Offory! The vessel, that so lately danced gaily on the waves, was wrecked on the coast it had left; all the passengers but one were saved, — that one — Oh loss insupportable! — was once Lady Louisa Stanton, — the tide has this morning cast the late lovely body on shore. Not death, nor all the horrors of the storm, have wholly effaced the dear resemblance, — there's a serenity in that angel face that seems

as if the ruin that threatened had not come unwelcomed.

I am writing by her side—yes, thou poor, pale corse, it is now no crime to watch by thee. Where are now thy woes! The magic that attracted Offory still remains, but death has cancelled all thy sorrows—oblivion will not interpose to heal mine.

I have taken her hand—she can no longer refuse it—my lips pressed the icy cold of death, insensible to the agony of her Offory. She can no longer point out to him the path of happiness—happiness is for ever fled,—would I had embarked with her! we might then have perished together.

Lady Henrietta Neville enters—she heeds me not—she is come to take a last farewell of the remains of her friend—

friend — her tongue is locked by a grief that refuses to waste itself in words — not a tear bedews her cheek, as she lays it to her friend's; — that sigh will rend her heart! A fond husband presses her to the bosom of affection, and again I am alone — would I were; but no, my friend, I have companions who will attend me to the grave — self-reproach, and sorrow, in her deepest garb of woe. I murdered Lord Herve, in defence of a woman whose death my persecutions have caused, — amiable innocence! and she has loved me, and avowed it, — it is enough to know that her heart thought me worthy a place in it. I will attend her dear remains till deposited in the “dark mansion of the tomb,” and then repair to the continent, and devote that life to my country which has as yet been no material service to any one. — I am interrupted. — the me-

lancholy procession towards Lord Stanton's begins this day — from thence we proceed to Hervey-castle, where, by her own desire, the remains are to be laid.

HERVEY-CASTLE, Midnight.

SOLEMN and slow, with an appearance suited to our feelings, we are at length arrived here. The last time I was in this place what emotions ! for I am now in that apartment in which I last beheld and spoke to Lady Hervey. — It is past — even her corpse is hid from my sight ; and scenes of horror are become so familiar to my view, that they have lost their power. At this dead hour I have visited the chamber, decorated in all the state of death, and I return again to my own, insensible to every thing around

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round me. — To-morrow evening all will be over that concerns the remains of the loved mistress of this fatal place, and immediately I shall repair to town, and hasten my departure for America. In all places, and in every state of mind, I am thy sincere friend,

OSSORY.

Miss

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

IN the agony of my soul I fly to my friend for consolation, for ills which imagination could hardly have formed, unrealized. What had I to do with curiosity; surely we have been sufficiently warned against that bane of all mankind, in the fatal consequences its indulgence produced in our general mother; yet I must yield to its impulses; and sufficiently am I punished. — But I must be more explicit; Maria Sedley has a friend whose generous heart will share in, and alleviate, if possible, her distresses.

We were to have set off to-morrow for my brother's seat, at Derby, to pay him a visit on his recent marriage;
every

every thing was ready for our journey, and I had promised myself a thousand little pleasures in the company of a brother I adored. I was entertaining my mother and Mr. S——, in my usual descriptive way, of what those pleasures should be; and humourously taking off the wife of Sir Charles, whose character, manners and person, I thought I could see through, in a letter she had sent me, in answer to my congratulations. I think I never was in better spirits, or ever indulged myself with the prospect of brighter scenes. My vivacity was interrupted by the entrance of a servant; he gave a letter to Mr. S—— and withdrew:—the servant's looks alarmed me—(S—— retired to read his letter) —and I recalled him: I questioned him on his terrified appearance; I but increased it; he would give no reason: I asked whose servant brought that letter—It came from
from

from Colonel Morton; and again the fellow withdrew. My mother chid me for my apprehension and curiosity; but she could not dispel it. Mr. S—— returned; his countenance no longer spoke his mind at peace. Lady Sedley was present, and I chose not to shew my curiosity still existed. We were silent:—however, after a little time she left me no doubt of her being my own mother, by asking Mr. S—— the reason of his altered countenance. I have a letter, Madam, from my friend (feeling for what he never intended to produce) from Colonel Morton, Ladies, the friend of your brother.—— He stopt, visibly agitated; we were both impatient. What of my son, said Lady Sedley, he is well I hope.—Not so well as we could wish, returned he; our journey must be postponed; Sir Charles is not able to receive us. My mother's distress, impatience and agitation, kept my

my senses at the time; my attention to her wholly engrossed me, and I thought not then of any thing but relieving her anxiety. Mr. S —— withdrew, in tears, I believe, for as he left the room I saw his handkerchief applied to his eyes. Lady Sedley was carried to her bed in a fit. As I followed her out of the room, I beheld a letter on the ground; I took it up; the address was in the hand of Colonel Morton; curiosity got the better of politeness, and, in the eagerness of my affection to know all concerning my brother, I resolved to read it. I retired for that purpose; and if, as I have heard some people say, that to know the extent of our misery is some alleviation, I should know some; for suspense cannot now even raise a hope. I transcribed the letter and returned it, and now I will send it you, that you may know into what a depth of woe your Maria is suddenly immersed.

Colonel

Colonel MORTON to the Honourable
Mr. S ———.

DERBY.

WHEN I reflect on the felicity which my friend enjoys, I feel a double regret for the scenes that engage me. To know you were happy, in every respect, was a satisfaction to me not to be expressed, while I attended a dying parent; but to know it now, and to be obliged to interrupt your felicity, is a source of unhappiness that is opened on me, and will o'erwhelm us all in grief. Beauty waited but the proper form of courtship to bless you with all its stores of bliss; but now a sable cloud will intervene, and your Maria's misery becomes your own.

I must become the melancholy messenger of woe, and greet my school-day

day friend with tidings of adversity to a family, to which you will be so soon united, that its interests are already your own. But to my story: The physicians have ordered my father to his native air, and I resolved to attend him; but, before we went to Ireland, I proposed spending a week with Sedley; to persuade him, if possible, to break off his connection with Mariana. At the time he married, I begged him to use his interest with her for me; hoping, that, however bad his principles were, he would not be connected with another woman, till his wife's behaviour partly justified his falsehood: had I succeeded, my intentions were to have carried her to Italy, to some part of her family, who are ashamed of the disgrace she has brought on them, and who, if they could obtain her, would confine her in some religious house for life; unfit as she is for such a sanctuary, the world would

would be so benefited by her absence, that I should think no deception to exclude her from it any crime. A few days before I was to make my intended visit I received the following letter from Sir Charles.—

‘ Morton, you must hasten to me.— I am to meet Lord William Lennard in the field of honour, in two days; and I expect you will be my second. When we meet I will be more explicit; at present I can only add I am thine,

CHARLES SEDLEY.’

I repaired immediately to Derby, and arrived the day before that fatal one in which he met Lord William Lennard. I was received before Lady Sedley.— My congratulations and her presence engaged us till the evening. A servant delivered him a letter during the
time

time of tea; after which we retired to the library. I have much to say to you this evening, said he on entring—We meet Lennard early to-morrow morning; but Mariana's the glorious cause; and I am sure of victory. Before I speak of the affair though, with your leave, I will read this letter; the hand seems to be a lady's, and I do not recollect it. While he read it, his countenance betrayed more emotion of the mind than he has suffered it to express for some years. When he had finished it, he gave me the letter—Read it at your leisure, said he; a pretty preaching from the hand of a dead beauty; and for fear of accidents, while I think on it, I will give you a draught of five thousand pounds for the girl she talks of. He did, but knows not where I may find her; however, I hope she will not escape my enquiry. I was impatient to know the cause that compelled
him

him to meet a man as his enemy, whom I believed he had ever esteemed; and the account he gave was as follows.—

Mariana has a house near this seat. I visited her one evening earlier than usual, and could gain no admittance; after repeated attempts, however, I succeeded.—She was in tears; demanded my protection; and complained of the behaviour of Lord Lennard in terms that greatly incensed me. I was warm, and behaved to him in a manner that, I must do him the justice to say, obliged him to challenge me. And was this all, said I?—All, replied he, was it not enough to have my Mariana insulted; had he chose my wife, he was welcome to her. I laughed at the whole story, and in vain endeavoured to convince him of the art of Mariana. I desired his permission to accommodate matters; and
the

the warmth of passion that caused him the challenge again returned; my remonstrances were vain, and I retired for the night.

Early in the morning I visited Lord Lennard, whom I had known abroad; he received me politely, but required submissions on Sir Charles's part, which I own no man of honour should make, but which a man of real honour would never subject himself to be liable to have them required of him. I returned again; and again intreated in vain.— I had only then to hope it might be made up by the interposition of the Seconds, when we met; but they were both haughty and inflexible.— Sir Charles fired first, and grazed the cheek of Lord Lennard; he returned the fire, and lodged a ball in the right breast of Sir Charles.— Surgeons were at hand, provided by my order; and he was immediately

mediately carried home, where he has now lain three hours in agonies not to be expressed.

A delirium is the effect; and he calls incessantly for protection from a fiend, who has, he says, borrowed a female form, which he has discovered too late for his peace. — I was obliged to leave his apartment--his incoherent conversation quite unman'd me. The following will give you an idea of it. — Oh that I could sink into nothing, — that the next moment could drive me into chaos, and my being be unformed matter. — Who talks of judgment! — Ah thou innocent shade, pass on — pass lightly by — look not forgiveness on me — I deserve it not. — Villars is not the only injured; — ah that thought is worse than death! — Death — there is no such thing — I shall not die. — Is there a God — and

has He mercy. — Oh spare! Oh mercy, mercy, heaven! —

I was interrupted; the last moment of my agonized friend drew nigh, and he desired my presence. He looked wildly at me, and suddenly starting and grasping my hand — Save me, said he, perdition awaits me. — See how the furies grin, — they lash me on to everlasting torments. — Morton, there is a God — there is a heaven — and I already feel a hell. — I could not speak — my eyes looked up. Oh look not there! he exclaimed — down, down I go. — Oh Mariana! may this fate be yours; — you — you have brought me to it. If he hoped for mercy, I begged him to shew some; and to employ these last minutes of life in supplications for it, rather than in bitter wishes to his foe. He paused some time; — then assuming a milder look,

—My life, said he, has been one continued scene of hypocrisy; the curtain is now dropt, and I stand exposed to the view of my own conscience, and the sight of a Being whom I have sometimes disowned. They come—they come—Oh save me Morton—Oh no—that cannot be—then save thyself. Lady Sedley entered. You too I have injured, said he, and will all the injured then appear against me. — There goes the gentle Emma—hah, that form—'twas I that stript it of its modest bloom. — A mother frowns—Ah me! — Maria sickens at my shame—Oh hide me, hide me! save me from myself. — He said no more; the last convulsions seized him as he spoke, and he expired in misery extreme; horror still reigns on his countenance; every feature is distorted, and he lays the most melancholy spectacle vice can produce. Oh that its votaries did but

know the end it gives! — could they but imagine half the horror which attended the dying agonies of its favourite son — surely they would amend their ways and be at peace. The ways of heaven, though just, are merciful; and I can but hope Sir Charles may not have sinned so far, as wholly to be deprived of the blessings of that attribute, which is the truest emblem of the divinity.

You will inform the family you are with, what you think proper of the contents of this mournful letter. — I should imagine they cannot be wholly ignorant of his late manner of living; but the grave often shews objects less criminal than they appeared in life. For their own peace, I hope it will present such a view to them; and when time, that kind alleviator of human sorrows,

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shall have poured the balm of forgetfulness on this scene of woe, I hope to see my S—— as happy as he is wished by his sincere friend

WILLIAM MORTON.

I am just informed that Mariana has left England, with Lord William Lenard: The vice and ingratitude of this creature would tempt me, I fear, to some unmanly action, should she ever more meet my presence.

Miss SEDLEY in Continuation.

PITY me my amiable friend;—
yet why demand I the effect of your nature, — but I know not what I say;
the only thing I am certain of, is your friend-

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friendship, and that you will bestow all
the consolation in your power on the
wretched

MARIA SEDLEY.

E 3

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

WOULD to heaven it was in my power to bestow that comfort to my Maria which the late scenes I have been acquainted with have deprived me of. Your melancholy letter reached me at a time when the mournful tale of Lady Hervey's death had just engaged every tender tie by which she was fixed to my heart; — 'tis a tale that has been on every tongue: — strangers to her have wept at the recital, — but I will not dwell on it, — her virtues are fixed on my mind; — early she shone, and set before she was known to joy! Short were her days of happiness — misfortune has attended her to the grave — beyond that all is felicity, unmixed with woe. — Beyond that,

that, my Maria, must we look for consolation; that is the point to which all our desires should tend: the God who presides over all will, no doubt, extend his mercy; unbounded as is his power is his goodness; and the virtues of Lady Sedley and my Maria may, I hope, be rewarded with the pardon of an object which, however criminal he may appear to mortal eyes, might have some good resolves, some just ideas, which false notions of the world might tempt him to conceal, but which might not be wholly suppressed.

Repine not, my loved friend;—let the grave, that conceals Sir Charles Sedley, also conceal his faults;—and when you reflect on his death, be thankful that vice has no longer power to ensnare him; be resigned to his fate: unfortunate as it was, (to all but your partial eyes) it was a fate that

was foreseen. But you, and Lady Sedley, ignorant of his life, judged but with the fond hearts of affection, and it would have been cruel to have undeceived you. The Miss Villars he talked of in his dying moments was no stranger to me, and the child, to whom he has bequeathed five thousand pounds, is the Selina de la Bois you have seen with me. You shall have the particulars of Miss Villars's latter days, and our first discovery of her —. I had never intended you should be acquainted with her history; but Selina's welfare, and Colonel Moreton's letter, require it; and I shall take the first opportunity of seeing my Maria, and relating the whole affair.

When I review the late scenes of woe, that have engaged us both in sorrow, I feel a sadness at my heart that future retrospection cannot dispel.

Yet;

Yet, Maria, it seems to wean me, as it were, from this world, and to improve my mind for the next: every melancholy tale shews me the folly of human expectation, when it points to blifs; and methinks I could now sit down and see the last convulsion of Lady Arwell with composure. Convulsion! no; when the fruit is ripe nature resigns without a pang! When that hour arrives I shall be luxuriously wretched; but I am a perfect visionary—I will change the subject; and now attend me to the grove of cypress in the park, where I will erect a memento to the memory of my beloved Lady Hervey; on the bark of the large cypress, at the entrance of the grove, I have had the following lines carved:

E 5 THIS

THIS spot is sacred to Louisa's name ;
Here sympathy and soft-ey'd sorrow
dwell :

Let not the unfeeling heart this spot pro-
fane,

Or the unmoisten'd eye their nature tell.

For, to compassion and to friendship true,
At earliest morn and dewy evening hour
Constant my eyes this hallowed tomb shall
view,

And bow, resigned to death's all heal-
ing power.

And in the deepest recess of the
shade my intention is to place an urn
of crystal, on an alabaster pedestal ;
on one side the Loves weeping, on the
other a nymph, in her hand a harp,
with the strings broke, the Graces at-
tending with downcast eyes, wreaths of
laurel and myrtle in their hands : the
urn bears her name and rank, time of
birth

birth and decease; on the front of the pedestal the following lines :

HITHER all ye tuneful Nine
Haste, and sing Louisa's praise;
Hither come, and let us join
To sing it in the sweetest lays.

Not Venus' doves were half so fair,
Diana not more chaste;
With beauty's queen she might compare,
For she did beauty grace.

Her breath was sweeter than the breeze
From Arab's rich perfume;
She knew each winning way to please,
Which heightens beauty's bloom.

Her mind by heaven was form'd so clear
She never knew a sin,
Her outward form did but appear
The emblem of within.

Patient she bore what fate bestow'd
Of sorrow's sable train,
And fate ordained affliction's load
Louisa should maintain.

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No murmur was she heard to breathe,
 She knew no stubborn will;
 Though crown'd with sad misfortune's
 wreath,
 She was resigned to ill.

Oh, that my lyre cou'd sound her worth!
 That I cou'd spread her fame,
 Make known the virtue of her birth,
 To time transmit her name.

But 'tis in vain I try to sing,
 In vain attempt her praise,
 My lyre has not a single string
 That's suited to my lays.

For when Louisa died it broke
 Each cord of tuneful joy,
 Since that my notes have never spoke
 Without grief's harsh alloy.

And see the Loves forget to play,
 Their smiles, their joy is o'er,
 Their tearful eye, their manners say,
 Louisa is no more!

The

The Graces too have lost their child,
 The mournful three attend;
 On her for ever have they smil'd,
 She was their fav'rite friend.

Oh, she was all we cou'd desire,
 Or gracious heaven bestow;
 Her charms cou'd e'en a god inspire,
 Who snatch'd her from below.

For when to Neptune once she gave
 A charge to waft her hence,
 Envious he said, shall mortals have
 To this fair form pretence!

What, shall earth boast to her belongs
 A female of such grace!
 Shall she be pride of mortals songs,
 And glory of the race!

To earth 'tis true her birth was given,
 And gods and men adore,
 But she must now belong to heaven,
 Now seek that blissful shore.

For

For long her gentle soul has sigh'd
For death's refreshing shade ;
For when maternal comfort dy'd
Her woes were ample made.

My sea the happy means shall prove
To gain that promis'd land ;
In her cause even gods will move,
She has but to command.

He spoke, and ocean trembled at his nod,
The waves obey him, and insatiate rise,
A wreck bespeaks the fury of the god,
And, borne on angel's wings, Louisa
gains the skies.

Adieu, my Maria, and believe me
ever your sincere friend,

FRANCES SUTTON.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

THE period at length arrives when prepossession gives way to persuasion, and attachment must change its object. The time is come when the grief of my Maria has subsided into a tranquil melancholy, and the colour of her friend's life must now be varied. Hitherto it has been pure as virgin innocence, and unspotted as my fame; ere long I shall be the guardian of Belmont's honour, and, besides the dignity of my rank and station, I shall be the wife of a faultless man, whose happiness will wholly depend on me. Maria, what a change! what an awful change! From a situation so free, so blest as mine, to empower another to
con-

controul me—to give up my very self
—and for what? for the sanction of a
married name—and the protection of
a husband——'tis well—be it so;—
Lady Arwell does not persuade, 'tis
true—Maria, she does more, she wishes
—and I am as yet

FRANCES SUTTON.

In Continuation.

BELMONT is amiable—he will
win my heart—but I cannot write of
him—of no one indeed—that heart
is too much agitated to express its
emotions:—when we meet I will pre-
sent one of the best of his sex to you,
and when I introduce you to the Duke
of Belmont you will think I ought
to

SUTTON-ABBEY. 89

to be happy — I will be so — and nothing gives me greater assurance than your promised company. — Haste then, my Maria, to your

FRANCES SUTTON.

Miss

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

EVERY thing that wears the face of joy has forsworn my presence, and I verily believe my future days are doomed to pass under the gloomy shade of sadness. When I threw aside my first solemn fables I attempted to rally back my former vivacity; vain, vain was the attempt, it is a feeling of the heart, and it will not be recalled. S—— swears he loves me ten times better since it left me, and vows I am infinitely more amiable — he is right — for certainly he must have a much better opinion of himself; for, since I lost my vivacity, I will answer for it, the poor man has not once seen himself, or his passion, in that truly ridiculous light I could place them both in. His de-

claration is a fine caution for me though, — for if the lover likes the gentle-soul'd, whining mistress, the husband will make her become the tame, obedient wife. I will not marry — positively I will not — already he usurps authority; — there is woe sufficient in the world for a single woman to have her share without the incumbrance of husband or children.

But how I run away from the subject that caused me to write to you! I say joy has forsworn my presence — it is true — for fate denies my approaching you. Haste then, my Maria, concludes your last. Ah, my dear Frances Sutton! it is impossible that I can obey your summons — it would be cruel in me to leave Lady Sedley. She has received a wound no medicine can heal, and no cordial administers ease to it but my company. I had almost
cru-

cruelty enough to have determined to wait on you, and named it as my intention; but the magnetic powers of a mother's voice recalled my tenderness. — Go, Maria — death has one of my children, and friendship draws the other from me. — I felt it as a reproach — and I will not leave her. — My friend, my more than sister, do you blame me? Sister, — ah, what a sweet sound! my presumptuous hopes — but I knew not, my Fanny, indeed I knew not, when I indulged them, that Sir Charles was so very unworthy. — Perish the remembrance that I ever formed such a wish.

His widow is with us — I will not describe her — I am prejudiced — you will say I am faucy — she wants no pity; her heart is not made for feeling: there are such in the world, compounded of titles, shew, equipage, and

vanity. As their follies affect only the outside, I look upon such beings as mere appearance, and, if one could see within them, I fancy we should miss mind, heart and soul. They are a species that are fittest for the world, and yet are the bane of society. Impatient of the confinement that decency imposes on her situation, she is resolved to shorten it as much as possible, and numbers with impatience the few tedious months that fashion has of late allotted to the wearing of weeds. To prevent this inconvenience, she had at first intended going to France, as that lively people require no restraint in the behaviour of a widow; but the embarrassment in which her fortune is left obliged her to remain in England till affairs could be settled. We are perpetually quarrelling, — unworthy as my brother was in many respects, sure he was good enough for her, — for this
filly

filly creature thought keeping was not a vice, as custom, vile authorizer, made it general; yet now not a day passes but she chaunts forth all his vices; and, with a brutality known only to a being void of feeling, has informed my mother of the unhappy manner of his death, a circumstance that of all others I wished to conceal from her—it will overset her. She is declining apace, and then, Fanny, I have only you in the world.—But adieu—the mention of this Lady Sedley always puts me out of temper—a letter from you would re-compose your

MARIA SEDLEY.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

Go then, sweet hope, and charm my
friend;

Go, point to where her woes shall end,
Tell her you've me possest;
For I will look to brighter days,
More cheerful scenes, more pleasing ways,
And thou shalt be my guest.

Thou, who life's richest cordial art,
Can'st glad the most woe-broken heart,
And soften every pain,
On this dear friend exert thy pow'r,
And e'en in the most torturing hour
Say, she'll know joy again.

ACCEPT with this a drawing of
that earthly goddess, which I
have just finished, and when you look
on it, my Maria, reflect on what your
own

own conduct has been, and it will point to blifs.

We must not indulge melancholy — it weans us from the world, and will in time prevent the performance of the many duties that should engage us while in it. I do not desire your company — you have a superior engagement — it is that of duty, and it needs no apology. I will hope that you may yet attend your friend on the day that you will lose her in Sutton, to acquire two of the name of Belmont — It is a day distant as my wishes could request, and Lady Arwell has tenderly complied with them. I was anxious that we might not “blanch fables into bridal bloom,” and I owe Belmont more for his resignation than I can express. My mind now seems at ease — it will esteem him more, and when I give my hand it shall not go untended

tended by a heart that is not insensible to merit.

You say you will not marry — my Maria, what impetuosity in your disposition! how capricious! you lessen your own character. Indeed, my dear, I am of Mr. S——'s opinion; the loss of your extreme vivacity will make you a much better — nay, a much happier wife — it only led you to ridicule — you wanted nothing but to be more — I can't express what I mean — with the finest sensibility, you wanted a little — softness, I believe I must call it, — for though distresses, in many shapes, awakened the liveliest tenderness in you, yet in many other forms I have seen you insensible to pity. — Lady Sedley now, for instance, if she is deficient, should you not be thankful for yourself, and treat her accordingly. Her advantages have

not, perhaps, been equal to yours — supposing they have — nature has not been equally liberal — and ridicule is not generous. Will you excuse me, Maria? I presume not to say I am right — I only say such is my opinion, and we have ever been accustomed to give our opinions freely.

But I will lay aside the monitor, and endeavour to amuse. — My imagination now presents you to me, sitting beside your excellent mother, and anxiously endeavouring to entertain her. — I should contribute my part, and, by the permission of Belmont, have enclosed you some letters, which he received some time past from Lord Ramer, and which wear so novel an appearance, that I am persuaded you will with me impatiently wish for the conclusion of the story. — What a variety of sensations link us all together
into

into one great chain, as it were, and how are we interested all through our lives! — Lady Hervey's history is no sooner passed than another arises that will engage my attention. Poor Mirmon's Countess, as she calls herself, seems to have known misfortune, and she wins my pity. But Lady Hervey, — ah, my friend! that is a string on which I dare not touch.

Lord Ossory has embarked for the continent; he was at the Abbey the day before. Lady Arwell was informed that he intended to pay a last visit. Will my child chuse to see him? I hope I have conquered my weakness; his presence alone can confirm my hopes; I shall see him with those emotions that are due to his unhappy fate, and he will recall the memory of Lady Hervey with all its force; but I can now esteem him only as a respectable

friend. I rejoice in your resolution, replied Lady Arwell; my Fanny will triumph over every prejudice, and Belmont will be happy as he deserves.

Lord Offory was announced — pale and speechless, he took his seat — the deep mourning he wore added to his solemn appearance — he attempted to speak — the tear would start — and silence again possessed him. Lady Arwell seemed struck with the awful scene — I was resolved to change it — noisy woe affects not half so much. — Lord Offory we share your sorrows — Lady Hervey was bound to our hearts by friendship equally strong as love attached you to her — no common tie engaged us all. — His sorrow became audible — Lady Arwell was herself. — I attempt not, said she, to check your grief — It is yet early — and human affections expect that we pay some tribute

bute to them; but remember, my Lord, that a time will come when it will be criminal to give way to their impulse. I am no stranger to your misfortunes; they have indeed been complicated; but have they not arose from a fatal indulgence of a passion that should have been at first repressed? For your own future peace you must conquer every sentiment that reason and justice cannot allow. You are going against our foes—is it not, my Lord, from a motive of despair? Let a nobler motive animate your breast, and by your future conduct add that lustre to a character (which only one unhappy indulgence has ever had power to sully) that the family you spring from require of you.—His air was more composed—his countenance grew less embarrassed—he avowed his fault, said Lady Arwell had indeed judged true, it was despair, but he would think

of his revered monitor; he came but for a day to ——— to settle all his affairs there, and he would not leave the country of his birth without taking leave of those friends of Lady Louisa: — he paused, and wishing them all — all that this world and the next could give, — he attempted to say more, but he could only look, — he took Lady Arwell's hand, kissed it, and withdrew — and with him went every good wish we could frame. He left ——— that night, and, attended by his friend Colonel Stanhope, embarked the next for hostile shores, to meet our foes — success attend him — may he conquer all his griefs!

Lady Hervey rests in the peaceful tomb, and he takes a mistress not less cruel than herself, and seldom so just. In the field of battle misery will meet his eyes in so many various forms, that
his

his must in comparison seem light. When he reflects that her whose death he mourns wished to die — while those around him had, perhaps, a thousand claims that attached them to that their country requires of them — sure he will be resigned. — The field of battle — ah, Maria! — my female imagination wanders over the horrid scene, and shudders at the thought! — In one short day what immense portions of woe does it dispense all over the world! and how many wretched families mourn the inevitable consequence of war! — That it may soon be closed, prays your sincere friend,

FRANCES SUTTON.

Lord RAMER to the Duke of BELMONT.

YOU remember, Belmont, that at our parting, when you desired me to write, I assured you I would not, unless something arose worthy my repeating and your receiving; — for as to informing you of the different places and things I see, it is not new to you; and I am neither a sentimental historian or traveller; nor do I love to deal in the marvellous, or recount only simple events; — so that I am wholly unfit for a correspondent, and to none but yourself would relate a circumstance that has given me more pleasure than any one act of my life, except the breaking off all connection with Lady ———, that thought is peace to my mind in its most retired hours; and could I hear that unhappy misguided woman had sought a better path in life — I should think

think myself happy in having been the humble means of recalling her scattered senses; but no more of her;—the story that impelled me to write is a more worthy subject, and I am impatient to relate it.—

The extreme heat of the weather obliged me to travel only in the evening, and it was about eight o'clock when I passed through that fine wood we have often so much admired in the road to Naples. The moon was rising uncommonly bright, and the scene had a wildness and beauty in it that enchanted me.—I left my carriage, and taking a brace of pistols under my arm, I told them where I should meet them again; and ordered all my retinue but Pierre to proceed.

I had not walked long before the sound of distress caught my attention.

F 5

—Pierre,

—Pierre, who is as compleat a coward as any of his countrymen, was for making a retreat — assuring me there were some ruffians infested that wood, and if we did not make all possible haste from it, we should share the fate of those whose cries alarmed us; I told him to follow me or never to see me again. — The sounds of distress grew weaker; and I thought the voice seemed that of a female. To rescue was all my intention; and I proceeded immediately to the place from which the voice came: — It was in the thickest part of the wood; a woman was endeavouring to disengage herself from a man, whose appearance assured me Pierre might not be mistaken; he was dragging her along; she feebly resisting; — all her strength seemed exhausted when I approached. I bid the fellow desist, and offered the Lady my protection. — Oh save my child! —
she

she said no more; her spirits could no longer support her, and she fainted. — The villain still attempted to drag her along, and threatened me if I presumed to interrupt him. — I was resolute; we discharged a pistol at each other; his missed fire; mine wounded him, I believe not mortally though; he fell, and could not recover himself sufficiently to make a retreat. The report of the pistols brought two other fellows, who belonged to the first; they vowed vengeance on me for the murder of their friend, — each in a breath declared the lady was their wife, and bid me touch her at my peril. —

By this time Pierre had come up to me, and by his attention had recovered the Lady. — I asked her if it was true that she was wife to those two men, or if she wished I should interfere no further. — By the assistance of Pierre, she

rose from the ground;—though she was in the utmost deshabille, her figure and air persuaded me she was of a much superior order than those wretches who claimed her.—Oh blessed saint! said she, after a pause, and fixing her eyes on heaven—Let not the wicked prevail against me. I cannot expect, Sir, that you should rescue me from the hands of wretches, whose least crime is murder; but, when you join again the chearful haunts of men, say you saw poor Mirmons' Countess going to be sacrificed to the avarice of his family.—Fear not, Madam, I replied, place yourself under my protection, and those villains shall not hurt you. She caught eagerly hold of my arm; one of the two villains attempted to pull her from me, and drew his sabre; I discharged my other pistol, which dispatched him at once. His companion, now more incensed, vowed I should not have the
Lady

Lady alive. I took a sword, which Pierre had in his hand, but which he had feared to draw, and bidding him carry the Lady off, attacked this fellow, whom I at last disabled; but not till he had wounded me pretty severely. — It was with the utmost difficulty I overtook the Lady; her fear had given her strength, and she had got almost out of the wood; but when she saw me, she lost again her fancied strength.

My wound bled violently; and it had so much weakened me, that when we each attempted to speak we fainted. — Pierre's cries brought some of my people, who had loitered behind the carriage, to our assistance; they recovered us; and I dispatched one for the carriage. The Lady's hint, at first seeing her, of — Oh my child! — still alarmed me; yet I thought, if she judged her child in danger, she would mention it

2

again.

again herself. We remained silent for some time; she continued weeping; I entreated her to tell me the cause. — It would be an ill return to your generosity, said she, yet a mother's tender name must plead my excuse; — know then thou noble Englishman, that I had a daughter of twelve years old brought with me to this horrid place; she was taken from me about sun-rise, by those two wretches who attempted your life, and what may be her fate distracts me. — Vain and useless is my preservation, if my child no longer lives; or if she lives not pure as the blessed Saint who sent thee to defend my honour, the sacred emblem of herself. —

I was so much weakened by the loss of blood, that I feared all attempt to seek for her would be vain, yet I could not resist the desire; and begging she would

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would direct me to the part they had carried her from, once more entered the wood; leaving the Lady with my servants: But I had not gone far, when I perceived the most lovely girl I had ever beheld, fast asleep on a bank; — I was certain she must belong to the Countess, from the strongest similarity of features. Pierre took her up in his arms, and she waked not till we again joined the Lady. — This scene exceeds description! — Oh Belmont, it was nature, and such feelings belong only to virtue. I was exhausted, and, when my carriage returned again to take us up, was put into it more dead than the Lady, whose joy had restored her again to strength and spirits; and the sound sleep that we found the sweet girl in, had quite refreshed her; so that all their attention was now given to me; and it was all that the warmest gratitude could inspire. At length we arrived

rived at Naples. — She begged me to accept of her Chateau, at a little distance, where she resides; but knowing that our friend Lord B ——— was at Naples, and had with him a medical man of great abilities, I chose rather to remain there for the benefit of his attendance; though, I assure you, I think I should have recovered sooner under the roof of the most charming woman I ever beheld. ——— But not to disparage the abilities of my surgeon though, I must tell you he has made a wonderful cure; and the restorative air of Montpellier will, I am assured, perfect it.

I shall go there as soon as I am able to undertake the journey; but they will not suffer me to go so far as the Chateau de Mirmons, which I am impatient to do. The Countess sends to me every day — she has a thousand elegant

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gant ways of expressing herself; and, I
own, I almost dread her acquaintance.
But adieu at present; you shall hear
more when I have seen her again. —
Yours for ever,

RAMER.

Lord

Lord RAMER to the Duke of BELMONT.

I Have at length been permitted to visit at the Chateau de Mirmons. — It is a noble place, — fit for the residence of a prince, and there is all the dignity attendant on one maintained there. — The Countess received me in a manner that charmed me. If I was pleased with her person in all the disadvantages of a deshabille, — you will suppose how much I was surprized at it when set off by all the advantages of dress; when I tell you she is that kind of beauty which ornament can heighten. There is an air of majesty and sweetness about her which, if the latter was not as visible as the former, would strike every beholder with awe; her complexion is the finest I ever beheld; her eyes dark and piercing, and, what is uncommon with dark eyes, her hair, of which

which she has the finest profusion, is the palest brown, it was dressed to the greatest advantage; and on her head she wore a turban kind of cap, of the finest lace; — I speak truth when I say her neck (round which was a large row of the finest pearl) was whiter than — pshaw, comparisons are all hackneyed, and the down of swans is a flat dead white, that can really never live. Her robe, for I know not what dress it might be called, was close to the finest shape imaginable, and long and flowing; it was adorned with lace and pearls; — but I will have done with her dress; I see I should make but a poor tire-woman; and to sum up the whole — I must say — she appeared the most elegant figure possible.

She rose on my entrance, offered her hand and conducted me to a sofa. — It is no common obligation that binds me to you, said she, and if you will add
to.

to it, tell me my Lord, tell me how to shew you that I am sensible of it. Her child entered. — Where is our preserver, said she, where is the good Englishman. Melifina, said the Countess, it is there your thanks are due. She led her to me. — Love me for ever, said she, for I will ever love you, you who saved my dear mamma. Oh that I had such a papa, for then frightful men would never hurt me. I kissed the sweet child, and promised all she wished. The Countess was affected, and turned the conversation to general subjects; which, to my great mortification, was obliged to be so all day; for I had not been there half an hour before company came in, and there was a constant succession till the evening, when I took my leave. — Will you honour my Chateau by future visits; it is my wish to know more of my deliverer; we will hope to have a future day,

day, when friendship will not be broke in upon. — My heart has long been shut to the world, and perhaps a time may come when it will be no fault to seclude my person; but till that arrives, I am desirous of your acquaintance, as after that I hope to have your good wishes. And I am persuaded, though you are English, your disposition is not so truly heretical as to have no faith in the prayers of a catholic; mine you will ever be entitled to. But adieu for to night. — She gave me her hand with the most winning air of mingled majesty and freedom; I kissed it and withdrew. — And now Belmont adieu to you,

RAMER.

PS. Lord B—— is desirous to know when our congratulations on your marriage will be welcomely received.

Miss

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

MY friend — the dear corrector of my follies as they rise, I stand accused; — I repent — Oh forgive, and I will ridicule no more. And will you not love me less — Ah, Lady Frances, every grain of generosity I want is doubly your own. Spare me not, my excellent monitor, would to heaven I could form myself entirely upon your excellent model; but a Lady Arwell and a Lady Frances Sutton are beings that are shewn to the world only to convince us what mortality can be, and what it so seldom is.

My mother is better. — Thank you for all the entertainment of your last packet; but your own was the
letter

letter of letters. Upon my word Lord Ramer tells a story with a mighty good grace; what a brave fellow he makes himself out, and what a generous Lady; to be sure his Lordship will desire no less return than her heart. I never before heard a man give such a minute description of dress, I think.—I hope the Duke will soon hear again from him. — My compliments and thanks attend him; and believe me ever your obliged

MARIA SEDLEY

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

SOME particular affairs require Belmont's attendance in the North, and he left us yesterday morning.— Congratulate me, Maria, I regret his absence; he will return as soon as possible, and I shall be happier in his company: We are become necessary to the happiness of each other; my grandmama's felicity is encreased-by it. Amiable woman! every action of her life is goodness.—

You must remember my friend Lady N——. You are, I suppose, no stranger to the faults of Sir J— N——, his extravagance has at length brought him to that reduced state that was foretold, and he was obliged privately to
leave

leave England about a month ago. I visited my friend; I did all I could for her; it was insufficient. — Sir J— desired her to follow him; promised to behave better; she still loved him; she wished to go; Lady Arwell approved her desire, provided every thing that could make her journey agreeable, defrayed some expences that made my friend particularly uneasy, and, after conquering numberless difficulties, sent her properly attended, with all her little family, to meet her husband. — She is a worthy creature:—May their present misfortunes and her good sense reclaim him. If they mean ever to clear the estate, they must remain many years in obscurity; and I have great hopes they may yet enjoy a comfortable old age. — But my grandmamma's perseverance, the joy she feels in the completion of her wishes, shew one indeed very truly that “to be good is to be

G

“ happy:

"happy: angels are only happier than
 "men because they are better." She
 must be happy. Adieu my Maria, I
 will leave off to meditate on her virtues.

I have no more of Lord Ramer's
 letters yet to amuse you; I will there-
 fore have the vanity to enclose some
 lines I wrote on my friend's misfortunes.
 Believe me, ever

FRANCES SUTTON.

To

To Lady N——.

ACCCEPT the attempt of an untutor'd
muse,

Who feign wou'd try to sing thy griefs to
rest;

Her eyes still wet with sympathetic dew,

Still heaves that bosom that thy tale dis-
trest.

Oh N—— accept the tributary lay,

Which gentle minds will to thy sorrows
give;

They feel, avow them, and to virtue pay

All that can mitigate, or thee relieve.

Thy virtues well are known, and all admire,

All then are interested in thy fate;

For thee each bosom glows with fond desire,

With ev'ry wish that can thy peace create.

To hostile climes I hear thou'rt doom'd to go;

E'en hostile climes will try to smile on thee,

Learn to forget they are thy country's foes,

And wonder at the goodness that they see.

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Methinks I see thee leave thy native land,
 Where vice has long usurp'd a pow'rful
 sway;
 Where pride and villainy go hand in hand,
 And ev'ry virtue is far fled away.

Take then thy infant train from this lost Isle,
 Go teach them all thy bright example can;
 Thy lov'd Almira will the hours beguile,
 And thou wilt form her on fair virtue's
 plan.

Where e'er thou go'st may gentle pow'rs at-
 tend;
 On thee and thine soft pity will look
 down;
 Thy cause is worth distress, and thou a friend
 Wilt find where e'er thy high 'wrought
 woes are known.

Thy woes—why call them such?
 Great minds shine brightest in affliction's
 shade;
 They rise superior to misfortune's touch,
 And point to glories that will never fade.
 'Tis

SUTTON-ABBEY. 125

'Tis little souls alone who know to fear,
When life's afflictions rush upon their
joys;
They see not that from ill good may appear,
And place their happiness in worldly toys.

Far different thou, and different is thy lot;
For e'en thy sorrows enviable will seem;
By worthy minds thou ne'er wilt be forgot;
The muse will make thee her most fa-
vourite theme.

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

PURSUÉ your meditations, my Fanny, the goodness of Lady Arwell is an inexhaustible theme—like the beneficent Author of her being, she extends it wide as the most distant sound of distress: if her ear catch but the faintest note of woe, it vibrates on her heart, and relief ensues. Heavens, what a character! imprint it on my mind, and fire my soul with ambition to imitate her model.

My mother, I flatter myself, begins to revive.—Lady Sedley leaves us to-morrow, and then, I hope, we shall be again at peace—that calm, tranquil feeling, when we have not a passion to ruffle us, either with joy or anguish—
for

for as to my brother, I adopt the words of my friend, and am thankful vice has no longer power to ensnare him. — I am interrupted — Lady Sedley desires to see me.

Give me leave to be angry. — My God, is it possible! — Oh, Lady Frances! this creature has lost her father; she told it me with — surely she is not human. — Poor Loveshow, without a tear, without the smallest token of anguish, cursed her fate for obliging her to continue the dismals longer; — and, for consolation, hoped he had left her more than was promised on her marriage, as she had been so disappointed in Sir Charles's fortune. Was there ever such a daughter! — I did not believe it was in nature wholly to be void of filial affection. She decamps to-night, all impatience to know if she has any chance to attract again

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a man of fashion.—She has no attractions if riches forsake her;—sure she will find a just reward,—but she cannot; for Loveshow was very rich, and she can feel nothing but poverty.

Adieu—your

MARIA SEDLEY.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

BELMONT has obliged me with some more letters from Lord Ramer; they are accompanied with one from himself, elegantly expressive of his passion. He hopes to be with us again next week. I have learned the motive that impelled him to leave us; it was the generous one of procuring a commission for the son of a man respected by his father, and I rejoice in it.

My Maria, are you not a flatterer? yet you are so much of my way of thinking, when you speak of Lady Arwell, that I must love you for it; but I will not allow you to call me her model, I am the humblest of all imi-

tators. — Belmont has expressed himself concerning this beloved parent with all the affection I could desire; but I must bid you adieu. When I have more of Lord Ramer's letters I will send them to you immediately, as you will believe it is my wish to give you all the entertainment that is in the power of your

FRANCES SUTTON.

Lord

Lord RAMER to the Duke of BEL-
MONT.

YOU are impatient, you say, to hear more of my romantic story. By my soul, my Lord, romantic as it may seem, my heart is attached to it, and will pay for the adventure I fear. You know what a rebel it is, and sure my fate is malicious. I left my country to fly from one woman, whom it was criminal to regard, and, as if by miracle, a goddess is thrown in my way, and I must not love her. — I long to know her history, for I am certain her life must have been a particular one.

I went early yesterday to the chateau de Mirmons, I was admitted. — The remainder of this day shall be sacred to friendship, said the Countess,

and gave orders no company should be received; we entered immediately into the social converse of friends long acquainted. You must be desirous, my Lord, to know what were the reasons that first gave me the honour of your acquaintance, and, as my deliverer, you certainly have a right to demand what your politeness forbids, yet your generous sensibility must wish to know. I avowed my wishes; it has ever been my maxim to screen those vices that I cannot absolve; and indeed I have thought it my duty to throw a veil over every failing of my Mirmon's family, as I cannot but think the vices of one brother will reflect some unpleasing shades even on the virtues of my Mirmons. He is lost to me; I saw his blessed spirit seek the regions of bliss; he is immortal, and I glory in the thought that he must be happy. Her fine eyes derived a higher lustre;
her

her countenance glowed with rapture; she looked on the picture of her saint, — Thou hast preserved me, hast interceded for my lord, — Blessed, for ever blessed, be the guardians of innocence!

You rate a common attention too high; that it was my happy fate to render the Countess of Mirmons the assistance she wanted will always be remembered by Ramer with the greatest felicity, and ranked amongst his highest enjoyments.

She bowed. — You are entitled to my confidence; you will reconcile me to your country. I did not love the English till I knew Lady Hervey; she has abandoned us, and I was relapsing to my former dislike. It is ridiculous; virtues and vices are not confined to different climes; Italy has her men of merit, and the reverse; England can
boast

boast a Ramer and a Hervey. When you first saw me I was going to be sacrificed to avarice; is it not the growth of every clime? The brother of my Mirmons abandons himself to its pernicious dictates: had he completed his intention he would have been sole possessor of all his unbounded heart desires. On the death of me and the only child of his brother he possesses all that belongs to the house of Mirmons. He is a specious deceiver, to gain his purpose he sought my friendship; I was unsuspecting, and he won even my confidence; he used it as he wished. I told him of a journey I meant to take; he bribed my servants; I was conducted to the wood you found me in; the villains he had hired for murder were softened by my appearance; they shewed me their order, signed by his name, and offered to preserve me if I would marry them;

my

my refusal incensed them; I entreated, and they threatened. At last they told me they would allow me some hours to consider of it, and retired, after having inhumanly tied me to a tree. The cries of Melesina awakened every feeling of nature, I thought I had lost every comfort, but at an early hour in the morning I found I had the greatest misery yet to learn, my child was taken from me; I remember very little more of what passed till rescued by you. Mirmons has not been heard of since my return. I repeat my former request, tell me how to recompence you—I owe you more than life—my looks, I fear, betrayed my heart—for she assumed a more reserved air:—all that gratitude can inspire you have a right to demand; every softer sentiment is sacred to the loved shade of Mirmons, and will never change its
ob-

object. My life has known a strange variety.

If it was not improper I owned I had a great desire to be informed of the particulars. Some other time, my Lord; we have had melancholy enough for to day. She ordered her harp, and, accompanying it with the finest voice I ever heard, we concluded the evening. I returned home, and learned that the Countess of Mirmons is necessary to my happiness, but that she will contribute to it only as a friend. I shall not write again till I have more of this interesting subject, which is the only one that engages your

RAMER.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

THE Duke is returned; the time appropriated for the outward appearance of mourning is expired. It is a custom that is certainly respectful, and often, I believe, the only mourning that people know. With my Belmont it is otherwise; he cannot with his fables throw aside his feelings. I will ever, said he, cherish the remembrance of my father; a different dress is of no consequence; my heart wants not to be reminded by an outward appearance of woe, his virtues are there graven in characters that cannot be effaced. My Fanny will animate me to follow his great example. It is not
in

in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, my Fanny, we'll deserve it.

The time will now soon arrive that will make us one, and I have formed a wish that I hope my Maria will comply with—it is to have her presence and Lady Sedley's, and that the same day may unite her to Mr. S——. May I hope that you will not refuse me? The time shall be your own—my grandmamma says no one shall be hurried, she will have no compulsion. Her prospects are all bright, and she will indulge every hope that she knows. Her partiality to your friend, Maria, tells her she can form no wishes that she may not expect to be realized, if goodness is to meet a reward. Ah, how flattering! it strikes with all the power-

SUTTON-ABBEY. 139

powerful force of maternal tenderness
on the heart of your

FRANCES SUTTON.

A packet from Lord Ramer is just
arrived, and I enclose it.—Adieu.

Lord

Lord RAMER to the Duke of BEL-
MONT.

THIS Countess surprizes me—
what penetration—what true dig-
nity.—Read her history, my Lord,
in the elegantly concise yet compre-
hensive manner she has given it in.—
I will follow her advice, and ardently
long for the time that will entitle me
to the promised welcome.

The

The Countess of MIRMONS to Lord
RAMER.

CHATEAU DE MIRMONS.

SHALL I recompense my deliverer by bidding him fly my presence? Is it the only return gratitude inspires? — It is, my Lord — your own looks have assured me it is, and I must banish you from my chateau. — Imprudent man, — we might have been friends — it was the wish of my heart, — but if we seek for more we are lost. Accuse me not of vanity when I tell you a truth, which is, perhaps, unknown to yourself at present; you love poor Mirmons' Countess, and it is vain, — see her no more, my Lord, till you can see her with the coolness of friendship, and welcome will meet you at her chateau: — such a welcome as we pay to merit will be yours. — You
have

have expressed a wish to know my history. — I have some letters of my father's that will inform you of the early part of my life better than any history I can give — some others of mine to my friend Julia will continue it; and you will see the necessity of ceasing to love her who is, with the truest gratitude, your obliged

LISSON MIRMONS.

JULIAN TO AURELIEN.

JULIAN, accustomed to society, to the sweets of love, to all the joys of a pure and tender friendship, flies from the world; Julian is no more that chearful being that was wont to glad the hearts of numbers — he is desolate — abandoned by all — but that

Aurelien, to whose presence he now flies for succour. No longer can the enraptured parent present to you the child of your affection — no more shall Aurelien tell me his godson deserves the tribute of a father — he is no more — and Liffon is numbered with the dead. — It is enough, Julian lives to tell it; and I bow to the misery I cannot shun; but it is with the spirit of a slave to his tyrant. The ills are unavoidable, and necessity obliges me to bear them. The world will call it resignation, and deem me possessed of a virtue I am insensible to; for would I bear it if I could avoid it? no, my friend: — again Liffon should bear me company — again should our child revive — or, if one must go, why not the girl? The infant, Liffon, is left to my care — to mine — imprudent I, who, her mother excepted, hate the sex:

sex: I am sick of them all. My Lifson was — ah, Aurelien, she is not, and I am miserable.

JULIAN.

JULIAN TO AURELIEN.

I HAVE applied to my books, they cease to amuse me; if I repair to them I read nothing but Lifson is dead, and you have her daughter to educate. I do not love children; I am unfit for every thing: I will place her in a convent, and retire to some friendly haunt, where none but the sacred eye of friendship shall pursue me.

JULIAN.

JULIAN

JULIAN to AURELIEN.

ALL is settled; the girl is placed in a situation where if she has abilities she may improve them; and even duty herself will now allow me to repose for some years. Let us meet at my retirement, and lay down a plan that will soothe my sorrows, and teach me to bear the loss of my Lifson.

JULIAN.

JULIAN to AURELIEN.

YOU have forced me again into the world, under the pretence of receiving my daughter. Well, Aurelien, and what next? Here I have her, the image of her mother, and

VOL. II.

H

death

death himself shall not part us. She is all I could wish, and I am now your happy

JULIAN.

LISSEN TO JULIA.

FORCED as it were from the sacred walls that still encircle my Julia, the world appears to me with all its charms of novelty, and I thought they would strike upon my mind with a force that would carry every thought away; but still my memory loves to dwell within the convent's gates; it bears me to the cell of Julia: her devotion still animates me, and I should wish to return to my excellent example, but that I have a father. Stranger as I have been to him till now he awakens a variety of pleasing sensations,

tions, and I subscribe myself your delighted

LISSON.

LISSON TO JULIA.

YOU expect to hear of the world. Julia, it abounds with folly—all is dissipation,—our best resolves are made but to be shaken—almost every one I meet changes some purpose I thought fixed, and I always return home dissatisfied. It was not so when with you; in that peaceful mansion I waked but to know tranquility; I slept when nature wanted repose, rose to discharge my sacred duties ever uninterrupted; but now they tell me of duties in life, and I am perpetually hurried into scenes that engage not my heart.—My Julia, I will soon devote

H 2

a few

a few hours to your company — my father has promised to attend me.

Your

LISSON.

LISSON to JULIA.

AND you like not the world — not even the desires of my father, nor the entreaties of your Lissou, can prevail on my Julia to remain longer in it, — you have again sought the sacred retreat, and you have left me with an attachment that forbids my thinking of it more. Ah, my Julia! your Mirmons has won my heart — he is the brother of my bosom friend. Love for ever your

LISSON.

Lis-

LISSON TO JULIA.

JULIA, your Mirmons loves me—
 teach me to be worthy the preference he bestows. Will you not by your presence sanctify his choice?—In my father's breast the tender affections return—he will be his son, he says, and shall replace the godson of Aurelien.—My father's attachment to that infant is astonishing.—Adieu, my Julia.

LISSON.

A considerable time elapsed after this last letter before I wrote again.—Julia quitted the convent for some time, and was present at my marriage with the amiable Count; she left me

not till just before I lay-in of Melesina,
after which she never more came into
the world.

LISSON to JULIA.

MY Julia, I am a mother, and
every tender sensation crowds so
fast upon my mind that I know not to
which I must yield first;— your Mir-
mons has a daughter,— I am resolved
to practise every duty,— he is the best
of men, and I cannot be sufficiently
grateful.

LISSON.

Lis-

LISSEN TO JULIA.

AH, my sister! a fatal event has happened, that will throw a cloud over my felicity. My Mirmons embarks to-morrow for Russia, — his friend is no more, and he must pay the sacred duties of friendship; every thing is left under his direction, and there is a large family to be guided entirely by him; his presence therefore is necessary, and I acquiesce. — May every favouring gale attend him, and soon waft him back to the arms of your

LISSEN.

LISSON to JULIA.

THE expected hour arrives; Julia, he will return. Melesina has learnt to lisp his name, and the father's ears will be welcomed by the sound of his infant's voice. The Chateau was never in higher beauty; nature herself seems desirous to assist my attempts to give it new charms, and I am your impatiently happy

LISSON.

LISSON to JULIA.

NEVER no more, my sister, my friend, my Julia, — my Mirmons returns no more. Vain are the ornaments I bestowed; the Chateau will

will not receive its glory;—all the pride it could boast sinks to nothing. He was—ah, melancholy reflection—that what once was, and was my greatest joy, is now no more. The hour of expected pleasure arrived; a messenger appeared, it was a messenger of woe:—The ship in which he sailed was attacked by pirates; they resisted, and all are supposed to have perished;—ah, our Mirmons was of the number. Apply to heaven for consolation;—my father preaches to me like a stoick,—the tale is true, there can be no hope to suppose it otherwise, and he would teach me resignation. — My Julia set me the glorious example, for I am the wretched

LISSEON MIRMONS.

H &

List

LISSON to JULIA.

THE stoicism of my father was appearance only; he has felt, Julia, his life was the sacrifice. My days are devoted to melancholy. Would to heaven I could seek that asylum he has found! My Mirmons and my father — Julia, it is too much, it will bow down with sorrow the heart of

LISSON MIRMONS.

I CAN find no more letters, my Lord that are necessary to my history; four years have elapsed since the last. My Julia is no more, and I have not an attachment on earth but to my child: My intention is to settle her in the world, and then retire to the sacred
asylum

SUTTON-ABBEY. 155

asylum that my Julia passed most of her life in, and devote the remainder of my days to that Being, who will reward the obligations you have conferred on

LISSEN MIRMONS,

H 6

Mis

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

AND so, my dear, you are resolved we should both sacrifice at once; —very pretty upon my word. S—, an ungrateful wretch, says he owes you more than all the world. Lead up, my dear—I think it seems to be decreed that I must follow your dance; for here has been a letter from your good grandmamma, that my mother says can only be answered in person; and I am to tell you that in about a month we shall all attend your order.

Poor Mirmons! —what a pretty way she has given her history in; her little letters do honour to her heart. But I declare I should be romantic enough to give

SUTTON-ABBEY. 157

give way to hopes, sometimes, and flatter myself the count may yet be alive. As for Ramer, he is the most unfortunate man in the world; always in love, and really possessing many amiable qualities, but always unhappy. —

Adieu from

MARIA SEDLEY.

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Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

MARIA, you will rejoice in the
happiness of Mirmons' Count-
ess when you read the following, and
participate in the joy we all feel, and
particularly in that of your

FRANCES SUTTON,

Lord

Lord RAMER to the Duke of BELMONT.

CONGRATULATE me my Lord,
I shall again recover my peace;
— the Chateau de Mirmons resounds
with joy, and I have received the fol-
lowing invitation, which I fly to accept.

Countess of MIRMONS to Lord RAMER.

RETURN my Lord, the Chateau
de Mirmons wants but your pre-
sence; — its walls echo with felicity; —
the thanks of Mirmons await you; his
Countess longs to present her deliverer
to her Lord, for he lives to restore her
joy, — preserved by the immediate in-
terposition of heaven — he returns to
bless his

LISSON MIRMONS,

Lord

Lord RAMER in Continuation.

IT was indeed a scene of felicity that it is impossible to describe;—all was rapture, and for the first hour joy, that seemed to want expression, silenced all. If the Countess was before handsome, she now appeared divine. When she could recover her speech, she presented me as her deliverer; and the compliments I received are really too great to repeat. — Vain would have been the life that has been preserved to me, said the Count, but for your unexampled goodness. He continued in this strain for a considerable time, till I interrupted him by desiring to know the means of his preservation. — The story that caused my Lifson's misery was in part true; we were attacked by pirates, and the vessel I was in perished in resistance; I, with a few more, es-

caped in the boat, and were taken up by a ship that was going to a very distant part, and which by various accidents prevented my returning till now. — You, my Lord, whose goodness convinces me of your sensibility, can better imagine, than I can express, what were my feelings for this amiable woman during my absence. I knew my brother's disposition, and I shuddered with horror when I reflected on what might be her fate: — Imagination never painted me the brave Englishman arriving in the moment of horror, and rescuing all my soul held dear.

The tear started in the eyes of the Countess. — We must forget all that is past, said the Count, the present is our own, and we will enjoy it. He turned the conversation to general subjects, for we were all too happy to think of it, and receive that delight that you would
sup-

suppose. — Extremes of joy are equally painful as sorrow.

I am now an inhabitant of the Chateau de Mirmons; its owners will not permit me to leave it while I remain in this part of the world; and, I assure you, I like my situation so well that I believe it will be some time before I shall change it. The Count has my warmest friendship, and deserves it; I regard his Lady as the wife of a man I very sincerely esteem; and was never so happy before. — Not one tumultuous passion disturbs me. — If Melesina was older, perhaps, I should not be so easy: — I do not think it impossible but that I may be yet related to the Countess. Believe me ever yours,

RAMER.

Lady

Lady FRANCES SUTTON to Miss
SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

MARIA, this is a chequered life indeed; and you would have hoped for his return. Happy pair! may their present bliss continue; mine is to be ever clouded, — if a brightening scene occasionally appears, something rises to obscure, if not quite dispel it. Selina, whom I regarded with all the affection that youth and innocence will win, is cut off like the early blossom of the year, and it affects me more than I imagined it was possible. I perceive I loved the child better than I thought I did. Sweet innocent! death has taken thee from her who would have watched over thy infant years, and formed thy heart by
all

164 SUTTON-ABBEY.

all the precepts of virtue. With what joy should I have marked her improvements! Ah, Maria, vain are all human attachments! Let us fix our hearts where only true joy is to be found, and then we shall meet with no disappointments.

FRANCES SUTTON.

ELEGY

ELEGY on the Death of SELINA.

NOW morn her sweetest smile bestows,
And seems to promise an unclouded
day;

'Tis memory that thus early calls me from
repose,

And gives me to behold morn's bright-
ning ray.

On those embowering trees the linnets sing;
The lark is soaring to the cloudless sky;
With notes of praise the vaulted echoes ring,
That soft along the air in murmurs die.

The gentlest zephyrs fan the summer gale;
And sweetest perfumes scent the southern air.
Where's now the brightest lily of the vale,
That blew so sweet, and was my favourite
care.

The blooming beauty first my notice caught;
Unknowing of its virtue I admir'd;
When first I saw, I own, I little thought
It wou'd have such fond sentiments inspir'd.
On

166 SUTTON-ABBNEY:

On yonder turf it rais'd its humble head;
Beneath those shrubs, retir'd from noon-
tide heat,
I've seen it sleep upon the grassy bed;
While round it lambs wou'd innocently
bleat,

No more my lily blooms to human sight;
No more the cottage garden will be gay;
Lost is its sweetness, past its beauty bright;
Adieu the glory of the blooming May!

No pompous tomb will mark its early fate;
Mayhap its sweetness unregarded lies;
Some humble stone shall bear its youthful
date,
The best memento to our native skies.

For here we see, nor youth nor bloom could
save,
All meet alike th' inevitable hour;
Nothing exempts us from our promis'd grave,
'Tis known we all must feel death's
mighty power.

Sweet blossom art thou fell,

And are thy infant beauties o'er:

Ah what avail'd it, that I lov'd so well!

Ah what avail'd it, since thou art no more.

It serv'd alas but for to shew,

How fickle's human joy,

When plac'd on any thing below,

Which tyrants may destroy.

Thou wert the fairest blossom of the spring,

Its sweetest emblem, pride of infant race;

Thy voice was softer than when linnets sing;

And roses bloom adorn'd thy cherub face.

Ah what avail'd it that thy face was fair!

That sportive innocence beam'd in thy
eyes!

That playful loves twin'd ringlets in thy hair,

And that thy beauties gain'd our glad sur-
prize!

Fancy now paints thee in the realms above,

A smiling cherub in the heavenly train:

Thy Maker has receiv'd thee to his love,

And ever will thy innocence maintain.

Adieu

168 SUTTON-ABBNEY.

Adieu ye joys! my heart has often sought
The soft amusements of the vacant hour;
Adieu to sportive innocence, that oft
Has won my smiles by its attractive pow'r.

Whene'er my eyes the humble cot shall meet,
Mem'ry will heave a sigh or drop a tear,
In due remembrance of that blossom sweet,
That blooms for ever in the regions dear.

Miss SEDLEY to Lady FRANCES
SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

WHAT a disappointment to your
Maria! — I was resolved to have
loved the child, and her death will
indeed greatly damp the joy of our
meeting, — it is fixed for next week, —
till then adieu. — What a solemn pur-
pose do we meet for! — Ah, my dear,
my vivacity will return no more.

MARIA SEDLEY.

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